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## CURRENT COMMENT.

SOMEWHERE among the skeletons in the closet of American politics, one should be able to find the remains of the idea that in this happy land the war-making power resides in the legislative branch of the Government. If this idea is ever given a decent interment, the head-board should be marked "Killed in action, Archangel, 1918." As a matter of fact, it would be easy to show that on numerous occasions in American history, Congressional control of the army and the navy has proved to be nothing more than a legalistic pleasantry. This is particularly true wherever the Monroe Doctrine is concerned—as the Haitians now have reason to know. Of course one could cite chapter and verse in the Constitution to prove that there is no war in Haiti: but it is not likely that those inhabitants of the island who are still left alive would take much interest in the distinction between a war made by the Executive, and one declared by Congress. Indeed any real distinction would be as hard to get at as a definition of the Monroe Doctrine—which hardly anybody will try to give off-hand, although most people know that by authority of this Doctrine our soldiers and our ships go buccaneering around in Latin America, whenever and wherever the President is pleased to send them. Although it is within the power of the State Department so to arrange matters that the country will be drawn into any war which may suit the Executive taste, Congress must ordinarily be appealed to before the fighting actually begins; but in the case of those little private wars under the Monroe Doctrine, Congress hears about it afterward or not at all, as may suit the convenience of the Government.

For all practical purposes the cat was out of the Haitian bag some time ago, but officially it escaped only last week, in the report of General Barnett, former Commandant-General of the Marine Corps, who states that there has been "unlawful and indiscriminate killing" of Haitians by officers and men of the United States Marine Corps. The facts about the "bandit" situation in Haiti become fairly clear in the light of these recent reports by Generals Barnett, Lejeune and Russell. It seems that the ancient system of *corvée*, or forced labour on the roads, which had not been practised since the island had been made free, was revived by the Marine Corps in 1916. Under this law natives were forced to work—

according to a non-military witness, Mr. Harry A. Franck—not two or three days per week, as was the former custom, but for months on end. This new species of peonage was abolished by order of General Russell, on 15 October, 1918, but his order was not carried out at Hinche or Maïssade, in the northern part of the island. It was continued in these districts until March, 1919. Strangely enough, the "banditry" which has so much annoyed our brave Marines and has furnished such a good reason for the occupation of the island, showed its largest increase in the Hinche-Maïssade district between those dates—October, 1918, and March, 1919, and in dealing with the situation the "unlawful and indiscriminate killings" deplored by General Barnett took place. The casual observer can not help being struck by the odd coincidence between the maintenance of *corvée* and the increase of "banditry." Even General Barnett seems not wholly unconscious of this connexion when he says: "From what I have heard I think the original trouble in Haiti was occasioned by the manner in which the *corvée* system was enforced."

If Mr. Harding wants a new talking point about the helplessness of the League of Nations when it comes to settling a territorial dispute let him cast his eye over the recent allotment of the districts of Eupen and Malmédy to Belgium. Here is as arrant a case of land-grabbing as was ever known. Everybody frankly admits that these two districts are overwhelmingly German, but the farcical result of the wonderful plebiscite idea, as it is carried out under the supervision of the military forces which the Allies have put in charge of these conquered territories, proves how utterly inadequate this method is for discovering the wishes of the people. Out of a total population of 63,000 in these districts only 271 persons ventured to record their names in the open registers as opposing annexation to Belgium. "In these circumstances," declares the Council of the League, "the cession of the territories to Belgium must, in accordance with the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles, remain effective and valid." Of course the chief merit of plebiscites held under military dictatorships is that they bring to light the few bold spirits who are daring enough to defy boycott and bayonet.

Of course, the great trouble with these European peoples is not only that there are too many of them and that they are all fearfully mixed up, but that some of them, refusing to stay put, have thoughtlessly strayed off into awkward corners, thereby causing our diplomatists innumerable difficulties in putting them where they belong. At the recent International Congress of Philosophy at Oxford no less a person than Mr. Arthur Balfour raised his voice in loud lamentation at this lack of geographical discretion. "Diplomatists," he said, "could not make the frontiers of States to represent precisely what they wished. There were, for example, as those who had to deal with these treaties knew, what might be described as 'islands' of alien population, like plums in a pudding, in the very middle of another population. It was quite evident they could not be given a separate national existence. It was out of the question." But Mr. Balfour, with characteristic adroitness, proceeded to suggest a solution of the problem. "These people," he said, "were sections of a population who either for a geographical reason or for any other found them-



selves members of a nation which they chose to regard for linguistic, racial, religious or other reason as being alien to themselves. It was their duty to remember that their natural feelings of nationality must be subordinated to the greater whole." To test the worth of this Balfourian solution one might begin by asking if its discoverer would favour the alien "island" of Belfast and district "subordinating" itself to the "greater whole" of Ireland.

M. GEORGES LEYGUES, a comparatively obscure politician who held office in M. Clemenceau's Cabinet during the war has been rushed by President Millerand into the Premiership and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. But what else could the new President do? The story goes that pending the resignation of President Deschanel, M. Briand had been doing a little Cabinet-making on his own account, and it is said that he had put together a combination that would easily have found a safe and steady majority in the Chamber. President Millerand, however, offered M. Briand only the Premiership and Foreign Affairs and would have no dealings with a Cabinet of his choosing. M. Briand would not accept office on these terms and the new President was thus left to make the best of an awkward situation. So far M. Briand seems to be taking the Millerand-Leygues deal with considerable restraint. No one knows better than M. Millerand that M. Briand is powerful enough to overthrow the present Cabinet whenever he chooses to do so, which means that the new dictator of France will face a peck of trouble as soon as parliament meets next month. After all there is not much to choose between these *ci-devant* Socialists, Millerand and Briand; perhaps the latter is a less handy tool of the financial and commercial interests and may, therefore, if he succeeds Premier Leygues, be somewhat freer and bolder in tackling the economic and political problems of France, which are keeping all Europe in a state of discontent and distress.

M. BRIAND will not be sorry to leave to President Millerand and Premier Leygues the business of conferring with the Germans on the question of indemnities. How much Germany can pay and how soon she can pay it are questions which dominate the financial situation of France. M. Klotz and M. Marsal, the former and present Ministers of Finance, have woefully misled the French people, and a good many others besides, as to the financial position of the country. The truth is now dawning upon the mind of the man-in-the-street who finds that all the fine talk about indemnities and increased revenue and great crops is not bringing him any practical relief. The pleasant-sounding cry that Germany will pay for everything no longer thrills him, and he is slowly beginning to realize that if Germany does not pay, somehow France must. What this Frenchman will do when he wakes up to the grim facts of the situation in which he has been placed by the ignorance and folly of his rulers it is hard to say. The man-in-the-street in France is an awkward customer and has always shown a tendency to build barricades whenever he gets really angry.

"VILNA or death!" is the new battle-cry of the Poles—and just now there seems to be no good reason why they should not have both. Apparently this nation of warriors could not bear the thought that a general peace might result from the *pourparlers* at Riga, for the Russo-Polish preliminaries had not yet been completed when two divisions of Polish troops went on a rampage and captured Vilna from the Lithuanians. Although this happened just after the control-commission of the League of Nations had laid down a provisional boundary-line between Poland and Lithuania, it is not likely that the League will be much concerned to preserve the territorial integrity of the latter country, known to be mildly friendly to Russia, against the encroachments of

the Polish crusaders. Even so, the League's punishment of Poland will probably be as severe as Poland's treatment of her own "rebellious" son, General Zellgouski, who has gone so far out of his way to do for the Polish Government what it hardly dared do for itself. So far, the authorities at Warsaw have done even less bowing and scraping than the proprieties require. It is true, the Government has declared that "it does not associate itself with the incident"; but this same Government has also refused to recognize the Russo-Lithuanian treaty which secured Vilna to Lithuania. According to a Warsaw dispatch, the press of Poland is generally favourable to the action of this northern D'Annunzio. The Council of Foreign Affairs in the Diet has voted for the annexation of Vilna; Premier Witos has told the Diet that the Government disapproves of General Zellgouski's way of doing business, but will support his new state if it is attacked; and the Paris papers are saying now that President Pilsudski favoured, if he did not actually instigate, the General's splendid *coup d'état*.

SOMEHOW one feels, then, that General Zellgouski has fulfilled a suppressed desire of the Polish Government. And then one turns naturally to the suppressed desires of other Governments, our own in particular, and wonders if any wish has ever fathered so many feeble thoughts as this wish that the Soviet regime would fall over, or allow itself to be pushed over, or come somehow to an end. On the very day that the negotiations at Riga put Russia's most powerful enemy temporarily or permanently on the inactive list, the *New York Times* delivered itself of the following, under a Washington date-line: "Signs of the approaching collapse of Bolshevism in Russia are seen by State Department officials in the crumbling of Soviet authority on the Polish front and the rapidly augmenting strength of anti-Bolshevist forces in Southeastern Europe under General Wrangel. Already consideration is being given by the Department, it was said to-day, to what may follow—the end of Soviet rule in Russia." The next morning, the *New York Tribune* printed these words of wisdom from its Paris correspondent: "In authoritative French quarters it is believed that an active anti-Bolshevik policy now on the part of all the small countries bordering Russia would result in the early collapse of the Soviet Government in Moscow. Conversations with the object of initiating such anti-Red policies are already taking place under French inspiration among all the border peoples from the Baltic to the Black Sea." And on the same day the Tokio representative of the Associated Press cabled that: "Japan will propose to the powers joint action to check the rise of Bolshevism on the Asiatic Continent, especially Northern China."

ON this evidence, one would say that France and Japan are trying to crowd the fates a bit, while our own Government has been reduced to passive contemplation by its faith that all things work together for the ruin of those who serve the Soviet. But this inference is hardly fair to our Allies, since further investigation will show that America also has in hand a thing or two in the way of intrigue. Our refusal to recognize the Russo-Polish preliminary settlement must certainly be a great blow to the Russian cause. And such is our interest in General Wrangel's "United States of Russia" that we have sent Admiral McCully and Colonel Castle to inspect the General's armies. One judges that the news of the victorious advance of the General, the Admiral and the Colonel had not yet reached Moscow when Chicherin sent to the Berlin correspondent of the *New York American* a defiant statement to the effect that "the international position of Russia is unshakable. The moral of the people is as good as ever. . . . We are seeking no armistice with the reactionary Tsarist mutineer—Wrangel. The Red Army is fully prepared to deal with him as he deserves." This, of course, is rude and undiplomatic; it is like telling our ill-wishers that if wishes were armies, Wrangel might win.



A COUPLE of weeks ago Brothers Gompers and Woll, of the American Federation of Labour, took it upon themselves to repudiate for that body the stand of the International Federation of Trade Unions and the British Labour party, against Allied aid for Poland. The weapons proposed by organized European labour—which are the only ones available to labour, and are the most effective ones it could have: namely, the general strike against the manufacture of munitions, and the refusal to handle military supplies—are declared by these spokesmen of American labour to be “appeals to revolutionary violence.” Really one can not help feeling sorry for these patriotic gentlemen in the natural disappointment they must feel at the falling from grace of the international labour-body which they were at such pains to create. The old Labour International would not do for Messrs. Gompers and Woll, for its president was Carl Legien, a Labour member of the Reichstag and a German! Therefore they forced the formation of a new and purer federation whose president, Mr. Appleton, of England, is 100 per cent Anglo-Saxon. And now it appears that this new organization has “gone bolshevik.” It dares to interfere with the militaristic undertakings of the European governments—and to Brother Gompers and Brother Woll, this is one of those things that simply will not bear thinking about.

BUT there are signs that even the American Federation is not 100 per cent American—at least not in the same sense that Mr. Gompers is 100 per cent American. The International Association of Machinists at its recent convention in Rochester, N. Y., replied to the dictum of the President and Vice-President of the A. F. of L. by calling upon the International Federation of Trade Unions to take the initiative in calling “a world conference to lay plans for stopping the making of armaments in all countries.” This looks very much like a declaration of internecine war. Of course it was apparent at the Montreal convention of the Federation that there were war clouds on the horizon. Mr. Davidson, the Secretary and Treasurer of the Machinists, says that this resolution by the convention is also a reply to current “open shop campaigns against the union movement.” But whatever may be the motives behind the action of the Machinists, if they can rally to their support, as they probably can, the vast body of British trade unionists who favour stopping the manufacture of armaments, they are likely to get their international conference, in spite of all that Messrs. Gompers and Woll can do to prevent them.

LAST week there came out of Shanghai a rumour that the Republic of China had fallen. Within two days, the report was officially denied; but if it had proved to be true, the overturn in Peking could hardly have been more important to the history of China than certain events which occurred in New York City during that same week. About these events, the public knows next to nothing, and the Government at Peking is probably no better informed. The newspapers tell us that representatives of the British, French, Japanese and American banking groups which form the International Chinese Consortium have met, organized, drawn up a plan of action, and adjourned. According to reports, “such general subjects as China’s total requirements, currency reform in that country, [and] the development of railways and other forms of transportation” were considered. And then, finally, towards the end of the week it occurred to some one to propose, with sufficient irony, that representatives of Chinese banking institutions be permitted some day to participate in the conferences of the consortium—conferences in which they might perhaps take some little interest. This proposal, however, was no more than the confession of an accusing conscience, for the only meeting of the week to which any Chinese were admitted was the one held in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Here Chinese students and other interested persons gathered to celebrate the anniversary of the establishment of the Republic, as well as the opening of

the conferences of the consortium. Mr. Thomas Lamont, of Morgan and Company, prominent in the history of the consortium, told the students as much about the future of their fatherland as he thought they ought to know; Bishop Burch blessed the sacrifice, so to speak; and when the Chinese had sung their national anthem, to the tune of “My Country, ’tis of Thee,” the bankers retired, and the real business of the week began.

IT is very strange how quiet our newspapers have been lately about the Wall Street explosion. We have not noticed any outpouring of editorial wisdom regarding the report which Dr. Walter Scheele, an eminent authority on explosives, has lately submitted to the Department of Justice. In an exhaustive analysis occupying seventy typewritten pages, Dr. Scheele states that in his opinion the disaster was caused by an explosion of blasting gelatine. To the relief of many, and the possible disappointment of a few, this famous expert is convinced after “a careful analysis of all the fragments of metal found at the scene of the explosion” that the catastrophe could not have been caused by a terrorist organization. And so, after all, when the police-captains and the detective-kings have departed, the truth of the matter may lie in the simple and likely theory that the explosion was caused by the collision of two vehicles, one of which was carrying a load of blasting gelatine to a place where building excavations were being made. If this indeed be the case there is no need to call in Mr. Sherlock Holmes to discover the responsible party. Even Dr. Watson unaided could do that much for us. But somehow we never expect to hear any more about the matter except perhaps as a justification for the voting of that \$200,000 as secret-service money to be used by the New York City police for the investigation of “red” activities.

THIS paper was never very strong for the Constitution of the United States—not on Federalist grounds, we hasten to add, but rather the opposite. Still, even in these days of unusual sensitiveness, it is not precisely what one would call an incendiary document; and we do not see why it might not have a decent respect, if only of the kind which accrues from an antiquarian interest. Arresting people for reading the Constitution in public, seems, therefore, a curious kind of procedure. Two clergymen, well and favourably known to their fellow-citizens—the Rev. John Haynes Holmes and the Rev. Norman Thomas—were incontinently clapped into quod on the evening of 12 October by the authorities of Mount Vernon for this remarkable offence, on the technical charge of speaking on the street without a permit from the Mayor of that eminently respectable suburb. We sometimes think that it is the appointed function of the United States to clear the way for a regime of philosophical anarchism elsewhere in the world, by its naïve, stolid, unhumorous insistence on showing, in and out of season, what a preposterous thing statutory law is. As a propagandist, His Honour, the Mayor of Mount Vernon is worth ten of Prince Kropotkin, for Kropotkin only shows that statutory law is irrational, while the Mayor of Mount Vernon shows that it is ridiculous. The common sense of mankind gives intellectual assent to Count Tolstoy’s exposition of the nature of law; but when it looks to Messrs. Palmer, Lusk and Stevenson, and their ilk, the heavens ring with inextinguishable laughter.

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## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

### THE CHOICE BEFORE US.

If it is too optimistic to expect nations to learn anything from each other's mistakes, it is surely not unreasonable to expect them to learn a little from their own. America to-day is at another turning point in its history; it has a decision to make which is very similar to that which confronted it during the days of our neutrality in the late war, even if the choice before us to-day is couched in less dramatic and heroic terms than it was in 1917. Again we have to make a decision respecting war and peace in Europe. Shall we profit by our recent experience, or shall we not? To be sure, the national mood is not so much one of fruitful profiting from error as complete repudiation of the unpleasant past. If the truth must be told, most Americans would like to forget Europe and all its works. We got our fingers badly burned when we last attempted to meddle in European affairs; we fear that we may fare even worse next time. It is this conviction as much as anything else—the conviction that the Democratic party was responsible for our disastrous European adventure—which will send Mr. Harding to the White House next year. We should like to forget the sorry business as soon as possible, and get back, in the Senator's classic phrase, to normalcy.

But the facts are that just as in the days of our neutrality we could not turn our backs on Europe, just as in the end we found that we were obliged to make a positive decision, so to-day we can not withdraw and leave Europe to its own devices. Actually, we are committed more deeply now than we were then, even if our emotions are less involved. Whether we like it or not, we must again make a decision. It is not merely a question of the collection of the money we have lent to Europe (which in all probability we shall never see again anyway); the whole future of what we call Western civilization is at stake. We can do one, and only one, of three things: We can temporarily withdraw our aid until conditions become so bad that we are forced to intervene hastily and without adequate knowledge or preparation; we can take sides at once and so hasten the complete disintegration of Europe; we can actively assist in the general rehabilitation and stabilization of Europe as a whole.

Free from the cant and moral astigmatism of war-time passions, it was a similar kind of decision with which we were faced in the days of our neutrality. Although from the very first we aided and comforted the Anglo-French Entente, to a large extent we followed the first course. When we decided to enter the war, we were without adequate military preparation or political knowledge. We went in blindly instead of with our eyes open. Even early in 1917 it would have been possible by a bold and courageous action to save Europe from much of the misery it has suffered since then. We could have made our entrance conditional upon certain guarantees of economic common sense on the part of England and France, on the part of France particularly. We could have made peace with Soviet Russia; indeed, we could have won Russia's active co-operation in our war against German imperialism, if we had really wished to have it. We could have effectually held in check the petty passions of the smaller States. We had the money, the food, the men, the munitions, the credit, the manufactured goods. We could have dictated common sense to Europe. Instead, we chose a fool's rôle of sentimentality for which both Europe and ourselves are now

paying a bitter price, Europe of course a thousandfold more than we. We went into the war unconditionally, blindly. We signed a blank check and handed it to our Allies, which meant then, exactly as it means to-day, a blank check for French folly to fill up. And when we took part in the peace negotiations, under President Wilson's leadership, we traded the iniquities and absurdities of the Treaty of Versailles for the mess of pottage of a League of Nations. And that is substantially the situation in which we find ourselves again this year.

During this present year we have learned a good deal. We have learned that Europe, if it is to be put again upon its feet, must be treated as an economic unit and as a whole. We have learned that there can be no peace or stability so long as the energies of men are centred not upon economic co-operation but upon territorial aggrandizement and militaristic adventures. We have watched the League of Nations become the tail to the kite of the treaty. We have seen the fervour and idealism of war-time sink back into a cynical indifference. We have observed the steady growth throughout the country of a feeling of impatience with and dislike of Europe, simultaneously with an increasing anxiety on the part of our more intelligent financiers. And now the time has again come for America to make a decision.

In certain respects the situation to-day is different from what it was when we made our former choice. Then the choice was made by our politicians—then the money and goods were supplied by the political government. The directors of our late adventure in Europe had almost the entire resources of the nation to throw away, and they made good use of their opportunity. To-day, however, our political government is restrained from such high-handed adventures. Our national budget is altogether too heavy a burden for any administration to think of asking for more money to finance any wild-cat schemes in international chivalry—at any rate during the critical years ahead. Our next administration will not dare to make generous and unconditional loans to our late Allies or to our late enemies. The goods from America, on which the speedy rehabilitation of Europe depends, must come from our private bankers, in a word, from the small individual investor. He will want more security for his loan than did our too gullible political government.

Will money be forthcoming for the stabilization of Europe? Will the American small investor become so disgusted that he will refuse to subscribe to European bonds? In our present mood are we going to repeat the mistake we made during our neutrality period—withdraw temporarily and then without adequate preparation or knowledge intervene when it is too late? On the surface, that seems to be our most likely course. And it is precisely what we can not afford to do.

The responsibility for making a decision to-day rests with our big bankers and financiers, instead of with government officials. And in one sense this is fortunate, for the financiers have more economic intelligence, a more vivid sense of the economic interdependence of nations, than any mere politician ever possessed. They can underwrite or refuse to underwrite foreign bonds. They can, if and when they agree to underwrite them, make their agreement conditional or unconditional. They can say to France or to England or to Italy, when their Governments apply for loans: "Yes, we shall be glad to supply you with funds; we will guarantee your credit and sell your bonds to our small investors, but we will do so only on condition that the money we give you is used for productive,



stabilizing purposes—not a cent for imperial adventures, not a cent for an army greater than is necessary for a home-guard, not a cent for maintaining any economic blockade. And, come to think of it, we couldn't possibly guarantee your credit without, say, as a mark of good faith, the removal of the ridiculous customs-barriers you have erected, like barbed-wire entanglements, all over Europe." Such terms as these would be nothing but the most elemental economic good sense. Further than that, the European Governments would have no choice, for no longer can they get easy credit from the United States Government as in the hey-days of the war. In these days European Governments must take our terms or go without the money, and one does not need the gift of prophecy to know what their decision would ultimately be.

The reason why a discussion of this matter is timely is because on 15 October, with the payment of the interest on the Anglo-French loan, practically all the loans for war purposes, placed in the open commercial market, have been paid off. Of course France had to borrow at excessive rates of interest, \$100,000,000, to pay part of her share of the interest; but even so, this is a comparatively small amount. The mere interest on the French Government's debt to the United States Government is in the neighbourhood of \$200,000,000 a year. As is well known, the interest on the Government debt of France—as distinguished from her direct debt to ordinary investors—will be funded, along with interest on other of our foreign debts, until 1923. Until that time, then, we can consider that question closed, although a suggestion has been made lately that the whole of our Government's foreign credit should be funded, bonds issued, and sold to American investors. The object of this bit of financial jugglery is really to have the excess-profits tax removed—at the cost of the ordinary investor—though the real objection to the scheme is that it would not help to get goods to Europe, it would merely create more paper. Our responsible financiers ought not to lend themselves to this adroit scheme for creating something out of nothing. Their real problem is how to get actual goods to Europe where they will do the most good.

Ultimately this desirable end can be achieved only by appealing to the small investor; and in the long run he can not be successfully appealed to unless he has confidence in the bonds which American financiers sponsor. And he will have no sustained confidence in the credit of foreign governments, unless he sees that the money which he gives for these bonds is being wisely used. Up to the present the money European Governments have gotten from America—the greater proportion from our own Government itself—has not been wisely used. Europe will have to mend its ways or it will get no more. Mr. Boyden, at the recent international financial conference in Brussels, talked good common sense when he told the assembled representatives that homely truth. He was speaking not as a Government agent, ready and willing to play with the taxpayers' money, but as a responsible financier who knew that he could not honestly recommend those investors who trusted his advice to plunge their good money after bad.

In a nutshell, common-sense economic guarantees are precisely what our leading financiers must demand if they are to help in the economic rehabilitation of Europe. They can not afford to lend money unconditionally on the mere say-so of any European Government; they can not afford to go into the task of reconstruction as irresponsibly as President Wilson and all those who stood behind him went into the war. In any case they have pretty well reached the

end of their tether. Perhaps another two or three hundred million dollar loan can still be floated at high rates of interest, but there is a limit, and it has almost been reached. It is goods that must be sent to Europe; and the sending of those necessary goods must be conditional on their not being wasted. That is America's present responsibility, and the duty of seeing that it is honestly met rests primarily with a handful of financiers.

And that is why it is so discouraging to see how even the most intelligent of our financiers have become confused by the present political situation. Mr. Vanderlip, for instance, sees perhaps more clearly than anyone the prime necessity of Europe's getting back to economic co-operation. Yet what do we find him saying in an interview in the *New York Times* for 17 October? That just because a league of nations is supremely necessary—and he means a real league—the present one, with all its faults and shortcomings, should be adopted and used. He goes on to say, as if it were a merit of the present League, that if we reject it, we shall have to reject the Treaty of Versailles with which it is irrevocably knit. But the reason why the present League is worse than useless is because it is knit with the Treaty of Versailles, and it is the inexorable execution of the treaty by the French militarists who are in the saddle in Paris that is reducing Europe to ruin.

The curse of our moralism in politics has obscured Mr. Vanderlip's vision—we talk as if the issue were between a league and no league. There is no such issue in the present political conflict—it is a question of alliance or no alliance, and as between the two we prefer Mr. Borah's frank provincialism to Mr. Cox's and Mr. Colby's false idealism. The real issue is not even envisaged by the opposed political parties—the real issue is between economic co-operation with Europe, conditioned on her making honest attempts at reconstruction, and economic incitement, conditioned by nothing except sentimentality. Only by intelligently following the first course can we save Europe from the chaos the bolsheviki so confidently, and so reasonably, expect. And the possibility of our following the first course depends, as we have already said, chiefly upon the wisdom and courage of our leading financiers.

### THE STRIKE-WEAPON.

THE outstanding fact about British and Continental labour: namely, that it does not know what it wants, has been plainly indicated in the columns of this paper lately, notably in the thoughtful observations of Mr. Hiram K. Moderwell on the Italian situation and again this week in the article on the policy and tactics of British labour by Mr. W. N. Ewer, who as one of the editors of the London *Daily Herald* is especially well equipped to write on this subject. Nothing could be more striking than Mr. Moderwell's picture of Italian labour suddenly realizing itself to be invested with all the power it could possibly ask for, with full ability to do practically anything it likes; and at the same time lacking in the faintest notion of what to do with that power, and with no one, as Mr. Moderwell says in so many words, to suggest what might be done with it. The implications of Mr. Ewer's paper are quite as extraordinary. Here is British labour with all kinds of power in its hands—tested power, too, having been well tried out and found amply sufficient by its exercise against the British Government's abetment of the Polish war—and yet Mr. Ewer, in defence of labour's present policy of negotiation and compromise, virtually asks



what else can be done. Like Mr. Moderwell in his article on Italian labour, Mr. Ewer makes it abundantly clear that British labour does not yet know what it wants when he asks us to imagine the alternative of labour frittering away its power by a succession of general strikes to enforce this or that special demand. If Mr. Ewer is right in his premises, if this indeed be the alternative—and he seems quite sure it is—no one can question his conclusion. A general strike over every disputed shilling of pay, or hour of working-time, or the like; or a general strike to nationalize the mines, and another to nationalize the railways, and yet another to establish this or that form of factory-control, or some general mode of the “democratization of industry”—a programme like this is as stupid and suicidal as Mr. Ewer sees it to be. There is no need for inimical critics to contribute any stabs to the slain body of this notion—as our dull-witted editorial-writers continually do—for British labour has sense enough to see that if it ever lived, it now is well dead.

If such a programme is impracticable, then, the only course, according to labour’s general view, is political or quasi-political. British labour has, as the popular phrase runs, “gone in for politics,” with a view to getting enough representatives in the House of Commons and in the government, to influence legislation. Most of the British labour-leaders are committed to this course and seem quite honestly to think it is the only choice against an impossible programme of direct action leading as they believe to revolutionary chaos. In this country, labour has never gone in for politics, but has kept pretty closely to a policy of dealing with the employer, and letting its general relation to the State be looked after by national leaders like Mr. Gompers, and by a governmental department. It is becoming increasingly clear, however, that neither the British nor the American method gets satisfactory results. Hence, in this country, labour is showing a growing tendency to go into politics, after the fashion of British labour, wholly unconcerned, apparently, that a century of “political action” has done so little for British labour that the example is not worth following.

For, really, everywhere that labour has gone into politics or has even touched politics, it has been dished, and all who based any expectations on its action have been dished too. British labour, in the days of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman between 1906 and 1914, had a first-rate chance. It got all the palliatives and paternalistic emendations that could be raked together into the compost of a statute-book. Its leaders developed into a race of experienced politicians, differing not a whit by instinct, motive, method or principle, from any other politicians then on the market. Every item of the labour-programme was made the subject of political trade and deal. The thing to be noticed is that none of these compromises, socialist palliatives—nothing in the whole programme of British trade-unionism as expressed through politics—has ever made, or could ever make, or was really ever intended to make, any change whatever in the existing economic system.

That is the reason why labour is always dished. The function of politics is to preserve the existing economic system, and just so long as labour contemplates political action or any organic connexion with politics, or in any way takes the State into account, so long will labour continue to be dished. Has not Italian labour already found this out? British labour is too purblind, American labour too inexperienced to be aware of this awkward fact, but the realization is

bound to come sooner or later, for there is not a single practical project of trade-unionism or guild-socialism now afoot that implies an actual change in the existing economic system. It is indeed surprising that British and American employers do not see that the cheapest and easiest way to meet the present demands of organized labour for the democratization of industry, would be to say, “Go ahead—just help yourselves, and we will take a holiday and look on.” In about two weeks our democratizing brethren would discover that the seasoned veteran who controlled the economic rent of natural resources was still in undisturbed control, and highly serene and impregnable control, of the situation; and that the members of their precious democratized industrial organizations could look one another inquiringly in the face and twiddle their thumbs.

Apparently no one is on hand to give British and Italian labour any practical information on this point. It is merely silly to set going a series of strikes for any of the objects that at present engage the mind of organized labour or for all of them put together, because they will not and can not change the existing economic system. And it is historically unsound to depend on political action, which seems to be the favourite alternative, because politics exists to maintain the integrity of that system. Then why does labour not take direct action in favour of the one primary measure that would insure a fundamental change in the economic system of such a nature as automatically to settle, or to create circumstances under which it would be possible to settle, every contention of trade-unionism or of socialism?

One general strike, or the mere threat of it, would be enough. The *New York Tribune* the other day did a great service in reminding its readers editorially, out of Karl Marx, that the labour-question, in all its aspects, is fundamentally the question of the control of natural resources. The *Tribune’s* reminder is particularly useful because so many American disciples and readers of Marx give no evidence of having read his book through to the end, or indeed, much beyond his doctrine of surplus values. Industrial exploitation can not possibly take place until people are expropriated from the land; and after they are reimpropriated, it can not possibly continue. The best and simplest mode of reimpropriation is surely by the confiscation of economic rent, one hundred cents in the dollar. If anyone can show a better way this paper will be pleased to hear of it and to advocate it, for we are far from being tied to any particular theory.

Here, then, seems to be a prospect of what labour really wants—freedom from industrial exploitation. Can not this be shown to British labour and to the Italians? Labour unquestionably has the power everywhere to enforce its will, if it has a will. So far, it has acted not like an economic organization bent on economic change, but like a political organization bent upon negotiable superficialities. If labour in any country should inform itself to the point of becoming economically-minded and should enforce upon the State a simple programme consisting of the confiscation of every penny of economic rent, no tariffs or any form of taxation upon labour or the products of labour—freedom of production and freedom of exchange—one demonstration of direct action to achieve such a programme would be enough. It could then hang the strike-weapon over the fireplace for the grandchildren in the happier days to come to look at in wonderment that any such awkward and clumsy thing had ever to be used.



## GOVERNMENT BY REPRISAL.

*I do not think any truthful or sane person can avoid the conclusion that the authorities in Ireland are deliberately encouraging, and what is more, actually screening reprisals and 'counter-murder' by the armed forces of the Crown. I use the term 'armed forces of the Crown' because the police and the army are being organized as one body and are being recruited with a special view to reprisals and to ruthless undisciplined war on the Irish.*—GENERAL SIR HERBERT GOUGH in the "Manchester Guardian."

THESE are very strong statements for a British General to make, but General Gough goes even further and says that he has evidence which makes him suspect that "actual murder is organized as a method of Irish government." It is obvious that somebody must be lying about this business of terrorism in Ireland. Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Hamar Greenwood, the Irish Secretary, insist that the Government is no party to reprisals. On the other hand, the Under Secretary for Ireland, Sir John Anderson, has publicly protested to his chief against the lawlessness of the police. Practically all the leading British journals agree with the view presented by Sir Herbert Gough, with the result that the British Government can count on the fingers of one hand the friends of its Irish policy amongst the press.

Scarcely a day passes without fresh evidence of the lawlessness of the Irish constabulary and the insubordination, if that be the right name for it, of the army of occupation. Athlone, Galway, Ballinmore, Cork, and a score of other places where wanton atrocities have taken place tell in unmistakable terms of the terror let loose by the police and the army and the "Black and Tans." The terrorism in West Clare equals anything reported of the Germans or the Turks during the war. The story of the destruction of Balbriggan as told by Mr. Darrell Figgis, ought not to escape the attention of the American people. Speaking at a great mass-meeting in Liverpool recently Mr. Figgis with studied moderation of language, said:

"... There was a head constable at Balbriggan who was promoted to district inspector. To celebrate the event he and some of his friends went to a Balbriggan public-house, all the party wearing plain clothes. At a certain point in the festivities, the woman keeping the public-house thought they had had enough liquor and refused to give them any more. They jumped across the counter and began to serve themselves. The woman then sent a message to the police barracks concerning their conduct. Policemen came down from the barracks, and finding that the offenders were also policemen they saluted and returned. The woman, knowing she would be committing an offence if she permitted drunkenness, then sent for the Republican police, who asked the men to leave the shop. They refused, and the Republican police, not knowing all this time that the offenders were Imperial police, said they would put them out. The recently-promoted district inspector then drew a revolver, but he was fired on first. Only then was it discovered that these plain-clothes men were policemen."

"The other policemen left the place rapidly and went up to the 'Black and Tan' depot, and, if you will permit me for the first time in the telling of this story to use slight words of exaggeration, they informed them that now they had their chance. The 'Black and Tans' applied at the police barracks for information about leading Sinn Feiners and were given none. They then entered the town and picked out two men. They asked one of the men, who was forty-two years of age, who the leading Sinn Feiners were. He refused to say. They plunged their bayonets through each of his thighs. He still refused. A bayonet was plunged into the back of his neck. He still

refused to give the information asked for. He was then frog-marched at the double up and down the road and finally flung down in the road. The other man, who had witnessed all this, was then appealed to. He, too, refused to speak. He was treated like the other man though with not so extreme a mutilation. They left him and went through the town 'making hey-day and holiday.'"

The report of Mr. Figgis's speech, which we take from the *Manchester Guardian*, goes on to say:

"All this information, said Figgis, he had carefully checked. If the police had not made the mistake of burning the hosiery factories, he added, nothing would have been heard of Balbriggan, as nothing was heard of other outrages, but it happened that those factories were all owned by English capital. The men who had done this thing, said the speaker, were 'gaol-birds.' An Irishman, who was a gaoler in an English gaol, recently went through the country districts of Ireland and recognized some of his former charges among the 'Black and Tans.' 'A highly placed English officer informed me,' said Mr. Figgis, 'when I told him that, "We know that well, and I in this uniform hang my head in shame."'"

All over the so-called civilized world, political government, it would seem, is bent on committing suicide. But nowhere is this suicidal intent more apparent than in the case of the British Government's treatment of the Irish people. Its methods of violence have been its undoing. Its Ministers have relied entirely upon violence without stint or limit—and now that violence has risen to meet violence, political government will as inevitably fall in the struggle as it has fallen in every similar crisis in the past.

## PROFESSOR SHERMAN'S TRADITION.

"Is there anything," asks Professor Stuart P. Sherman in the October *Bookman*, "to be said for literary tradition?" That there is much to be said for it Professor Sherman proceeds to show. For the writer, he observes, "the written tradition is a school and museum in which, if he has a critical and inventive mind, he learns, from both the successes and the failures of his predecessors, how to set to work upon his own problems of expression." And it is a school of mood and manners as well: "The artist who is also a scholar can not fail to discover that what distinguishes all the golden periods of art, what constitutes the perpetual appeal of the masters is a kind of innermost poise and serenity, tragic in Sophocles, heroic in Michelangelo, sceptical in Montaigne, idyllic in Sidney, ironic in Fielding. This enviable tranquillity reigns only in a mind that, looking before and after, feels itself the representative of something outlasting time, some national ideal, some religious faith, some permanent human experience, some endless human quest. Nothing begets this mood and manner, the sovereign mark of good breeding in letters, like habitual association with those who have it, the majority of whom are, in the vulgar sense, dead." All this, remarks Professor Sherman, may be said for literary tradition, and who will dispute it? These are words one likes to hear. A catholic and imaginative justification of tradition is, if not what all the world is waiting for, at least what literary America is waiting for, whether literary America is aware of it or not. And so one likes to hear a lover of tradition speak. For we have missed in America more than anything else lovers of literary tradition who possess its tranquil virtues and who are able to make it appear as much to be loved and desired as we know it is.



Professor Sherman, however, is not concerned solely to answer his question and to make literary tradition appear lovable and desirable; he is also concerned to point out that the "young people" of literary America have broken with tradition, and have done so to their detriment. "They have broken away," he says, "from so much that was formative, and they suffer so obviously in consequence of the break. . . . Though they have shaken off the 'moralistic incubus' and have released their 'suppressed desires,' they have not learned how to conceive or present a coherent picture of civilized society. Their leaders have lost a constructiveness which a critic so laden with explosives as Emerson exhibited: though they have blown up the old highways, they have not made new roads." And Professor Sherman adds: "Am I doing the 'young people' an injustice?" By no means in saying this. The "young people" in question, as one knows them, and not as they express themselves in their defiant phrases, are, in a degree that would perhaps surprise Professor Sherman, aware of their weaknesses and their shortcomings; and when they are not aware of them it is because they are ignorant. And so when Professor Sherman suggests that, while these "young people" sometimes congratulate themselves on their emancipation from tradition, they are really to be condoled with rather than felicitated, one finds oneself in agreement with him again. To have broken with tradition and lost its invigorating virtues, its "innermost poise and serenity," is to have suffered obviously; and those who have so suffered are certainly to be condoled with, whether they wish to be condoled with or not.

Thus far, then, one is in perfect harmony with Professor Sherman and prepared to follow him further. He has said that literary tradition is lovable and desirable and that the "young people" of literary America are to be condoled with for having broken with it. And so we are led to expect that he will take these "young people" under his wing, and reason with them, and treat them with the poise and serenity that belong to tradition and should, one supposes, belong to its defenders, and interpret this lovable and desirable thing in such a manner that they can put themselves in possession of it. What is our surprise, therefore, to find that Professor Sherman does not condole with them at all. On the contrary, as we shall presently see from the tone of his references, he consigns them all to Tophet; and he deliberately interprets tradition in such a manner that they can not put themselves in possession of it, as he himself admits. Literary tradition, he suggests, and he suggests it with considerable emphasis, what is it for Americans if it is not chiefly the American literary tradition? "If they seek foreign allies," these "young people," he says, "it is with those who help them to forget our national characteristics, our native bent and purposes, our discovered special American 'genius.'" And then he mentions who some of these "young people" are. The particular groups of "young people" he is discussing happen to be critics, a number of critics whose work is represented in a recent anthology of Mr. Lewisohn's, and it occurs to him to quote their names: "Mr. Huneker, Mr. Spingarn, Mr. Mencken, Mr. Lewisohn," etc. And then he continues in a vein of humour: "It is not a group, taken as a whole, however it may be connected with the house of Jesse, which should be expected to hear any profound murmuring of ancestral voices or to experience any mysterious inflowing of national experience in meditating on the names of Mark Twain, Whitman, Thoreau,

Lincoln, Emerson, Franklin and Bradford." No, it was not themselves but the gods that set the estranging sea between Bradford and Mr. Huneker. How then can Mr. Huneker be expected to will that sea away? Professor Sherman does not expect it, or rather he does expect it; for this is what he says: "One doesn't blame our Davids for their inability to connect themselves vitally with this line of Americans, for their inability to receive its tradition and carry it on. But one can not help asking whether this inability does not largely account for the fact that Mr. Lewisohn's group of critics are restless impressionists, almost destitute of doctrine, and with no discoverable unifying tendency except to let themselves out into a homeless happy land where they may enjoy the 'colourful' cosmic weather, untroubled by business men, or middle-class Americans, or Congressmen, or moralists, or humanists, or philosophers, or professors, or Victorians, or Puritans, or New Englanders, or Messrs. Tarkington or Churchill." Professor Sherman does not blame them, no; he merely asks the impossible of them, the impossible by his own definition. And then, because they fail to do it, he covers their heads with abuse.

Now literary tradition, as we all agree, is a lovable and desirable thing; it is a school of method, mood and manners; it is something which to be embraced needs only to be seen. One finds it difficult to believe, therefore, that the "young people" of literary America, or any other literary people of any age or kind, would wilfully and deliberately cut themselves off from such a source of strength if they knew, on the one hand, what it was and, on the other, how to get possession of it. In fact, one has reason to believe, and in spite of what the appearances may be, that all writers who are serious have but a single aim, and that all their actions are determined by it—namely, to put themselves in possession of literary tradition, which is, in reality, the collective wisdom of human experience. And so, when Professor Sherman says that if the "young people" of literary America "seek foreign allies, it is with those who help them to forget our national characteristics, our native bent and purposes, our discovered special American 'genius,'" one asks oneself whether they are not, unconsciously, no doubt, in search of literary tradition and have turned their backs on our "discovered special American 'genius,'" because, from the point of view of literary tradition, it is in some way inadequate. Professor Sherman has asked the impossible of the "young people" of literary America. Is it asking the impossible in return to suggest that he might consider this? It is through the defenders and advocates of literary tradition alone that the "young people" of every age are able to discover how lovable and desirable it is. Is Professor Sherman sure that he has given the "young people," as lovers of literary tradition often like to do, the most enlightening interpretation he can of it, as well as the benefit of the doubt?

First of all, what does he mean by the American tradition, by our "native bent," our "discovered special American 'genius'"? What common bond is there that the "young people" of literary America might attach themselves to between Bradford, as he says, and Mark Twain? One seems to remember that Professor Sherman has elsewhere expressed a rather comprehensively low opinion of Mark Twain save in the one characteristic which, most emphatically, Bradford did not share with him—that of democratic sentiment. But in fact it is vain to attempt to show that America has any literary tradition at all other than the tradition that Emerson proclaimed—the tra-



dition of having no tradition. Professor Sherman quotes from Emerson these lines:

Ask me not, as Muftis can,  
To recite the Alcoran;  
Well I love the meaning sweet;  
I tread the book beneath my feet.

Americans have been treading the book beneath their feet ever since. But how is it possible to tread the book and have it too? That may be an excellent moral attitude but it is not an attitude favourable to literary tradition because, from the point of view of literary tradition, the book, as Professor Sherman will hardly deny, is quite as important as the meaning. To tread the book for generations is to render a literary tradition impossible, as Emerson himself would gladly have admitted. And so it would be impossible to imagine a more unconvincing bit of special pleading than Professor Sherman's when he tells us that there is something in common, as men of letters, between Mark Twain and Bradford, or between Franklin and Thoreau. One who in our day believes in literary tradition must feel that for just this reason he is obliged to turn his eyes away from the American past and seek for it in "foreign allies" of some kind, whether they "help him to forget our national characteristics" or not. And this, in fact, is what Americans at all times who have been concerned for the survival of literary values have done. Did Emerson and Longfellow and Lowell and Prescott and Motley and Cooper and Irving study "our national characteristics" as "a school of mood and manners"? To no conspicuous degree. Their professed aim was not to copy but to correct these national characteristics, which, on the whole, one seems to remember, they found rather deplorable: self-confessed colonials, in any case, they found their stimulus, as men of letters, solely and inevitably, in the writings of the old world. Professor Sherman speaks of their freedom "from ancestor-worship and bondage to the letter." That, to repeat, is not an unqualified good from the standpoint of literary tradition. But it effectually disposes of Professor Sherman's argument. What but ancestor-worship can justify his attempt to discover a literary tradition, and his telling the "young people" of literary America that they ought to cleave to this tradition, in men who had no literary tradition but a borrowed one and were proud and happy because of it?

Evidently, then, Professor Sherman abuses logic when he speaks of "our native bent," of "our discovered special American 'genius'" as constituting a literary tradition which we ought to follow. The truth is, as we immediately perceive, that what he means when he speaks of an American tradition is not a literary but a moral tradition—which is quite another thing. "The purring insincerity" of Mr. Lewisohn's "profession of universal sympathy," he says, "is enough in itself to make one grateful for a liberative tradition long antedating the efforts of these bewildered impressionists. Revolt is an American tradition. America was born because it revolted. It revolted because it condemned. It condemned because its sympathies were not universal but selective." There we have our "native bent," our "discovered special American 'genius'" indeed. Only, one is not aware that it bears any very benevolent relationship to the literary tradition that produced "Sophocles, Montaigne, Sidney, Fielding." America revolted, says Professor Sherman, "because it condemned. It condemned because its sympathies were not universal but selective." But what did it select? Professor Sherman has written an admirable critical study of Matthew Arnold: he knows therefore and sanctions Arnold's comments

on "the dissidence of dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion." It is because the English Puritans had condemned, because their sympathies were not universal but selective, that Arnold considered them Philistines and enemies of light. For in reality what they condemned was everything, or all but everything, upon which the life of literature is based.

But what indeed were Arnold's words on just this theme? "Notwithstanding the mighty results of the Pilgrim Fathers' voyage, they and their standard of perfection are rightly judged when we figure to ourselves Shakespeare or Virgil—souls in whom sweetness and light, and all that in human nature is most humane, were eminent—accompanying them on their voyage, and think what intolerable company Shakespeare and Virgil would have found them!" And what is Professor Sherman's comment on these words? "In countries like England and the United States, where an ideal of spiritual perfection, and an inadequate ideal of spiritual perfection, has been established by the English Puritans, nothing could be more timely, more salutary, than Arnold's respectful yet vigorous exposure of the inadequacy of that ideal." In short, when Matthew Arnold exposes the inadequacy of Puritanism, Professor Sherman admits it also, as he admits, to the detriment of Puritanism, that the tradition the Puritans founded has selected what they selected and condemned what they condemned ever since. Does he then, faced with his own literary contemporaries, defend what he has previously attacked as hostile to literature? He does; and from this we can hardly help concluding that what he is really concerned for is not literature at all, but custom, and the custom of the Philistines at that.

And now, as the "young people" of literary America can not hear the murmuring of America's ancestral voices, let them turn to the records of the lives, let us say, of Mark Twain and Thoreau and Whitman and see what they actually said. What, for example, was Mark Twain's attitude toward America's "special bent" and "selective sympathies" in the moral sphere? And Whitman's? And even Thoreau's? One seems to remember in a certain chapter of "A Week," a most pagan, a most devoutly pagan anathema against the narrow religiosity with which Thoreau found himself surrounded. In short, if Professor Sherman, relinquishing his claim of an American literary tradition, falls back as frankly as he must logically upon the American moral tradition, and inquires whether the great American writers he mentions were inspired by it, he is certain to find himself in a decidedly uncomfortable position. "If they seek foreign allies," these "young people" of literary America, he says, "it is with those who help them to forget our national characteristics, our native bent and purposes, our discovered special American 'genius.'" Whereupon something tells us that if Mark Twain and Whitman were living to-day, they would bid our "young people" Godspeed.

So we come back to that lovable and desirable thing, literary tradition itself, of which it may be said, if anything may be said of it, that its sympathies are not selective but universal. Anyone who believes in it finds the presumption credible that the "young people" of literary America have not wilfully turned their backs on it, but have sought their "foreign allies," unconsciously perhaps but even as their predecessors did, in the hope of recovering whatever is left in the world of literary tradition, of the collective wisdom, that is to say, of human experience. And if they prefer Ibsen and Nietzsche to Messrs. Tarkington and Churchill, they may rest assured that Whitman and



Thoreau and even Emerson would have approved of them. Emerson, in fact, if he were alive now, might perhaps speak to Professor Sherman, as he had a way of doing now and then, rather sharply. He might have a word, it is quite conceivable, for all the professional defenders of the past in America: for whatever his moral prepossessions were, he never looked backward; and if he had an inadequate sense of the value of literary tradition, at least he looked with no great kindness upon tradition of any other sort. "Accept," he said, "the place the Divine Providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connexion of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age." Emerson, in a word, is a dangerous ally for Professor Sherman, if he wishes to make war on the young.

## THE UNIVERSITY OF THE WORLD.

### II. THE UNIVERSITY OF PAWI.

THE Filipino who carried my kit northward from Baguio was not a willing worker. The governor had insisted that he make the trip. To indicate his displeasure he undertook to walk the legs off me. He nearly succeeded. It was just after lunch when we completed fifty-five kilometres of trail to the ranch-house at Pawi, and I did not care particularly whether I ever moved again. So I listened sympathetically to the proposal of my host that I tarry there for a time and undertake the education of his half-breed children and the little Igorots who lived in the neighbourhood.

He explained that there was no regular school within many miles, and promised me all possible assistance in my work. I was touched by his remark that he wanted his boys to be able to write to their grandmother in Pennsylvania. We found some old primers, a few pencils, a box of paper-letters and numbers and a few coloured picture-books.

So one morning I opened the University of Pawi. Pawi rises eight thousand feet above the China Sea in northern Luzon. Near the summit it is covered with an oak-forest and great tree-ferns. Further down are pine and cedar trees and flowers not unlike those of the Sierra Nevadas. The school-building, a log-cabin, was situated in a clearing. It was a windowless house, with a big fire-place and rudely improvised benches and table. Each day we began school by starting a fire with pitch-pine.

On matriculation day the following candidates appeared: John, Tom, Bill and Maggie, the *mestizo* children of the rancher; Dominick and Pulpug, the children of the Igorot Suetan, who worked in the garden; and Subai, the daughter of Cilo, who was the Good Man Friday of the ranch in the wilderness. The children ranged from four to twelve years and were entirely without book-learning. The *mestizo* children spoke some English, but it had been corrupted by their association with the Igorots. Each morning the smaller children arrived at school on the back of Methusalah, a great carabao (buffalo).

One afternoon the school adjourned to the village of Bilung, below the oak-belt on one side of the mountain. The village was astir with rumours about a wild carabao when we arrived there. The boys must have made a flattering report about my "school," for as we climbed back up the mountain three little savages came tagging along after us.

The boys were almost naked, although one of them did wear an old jute bag. They gave their names as Terai, Bulaoi and Lisco. They were immensely amused when in pronouncing Terai I rolled the *r* in Scottish fashion. Each carried a ration of sweet potatoes in a rattan-basket on his back. They camped about the ranch and attended school for three days. Then their food was exhausted and they returned to the village. A day later they reappeared with a new stock of supplies, ready for further instruction. Under the circumstances I felt that I could not protest against the irregular attendance.

It took me several weeks to teach the children to recognize the letters, but after that they learned to read quite rapidly. I taught them to count and also to say the alphabet through the medium of calisthenics, which was their favourite branch of study. Anything in the nature of a jumping-exercise set their wild blood tingling, and they fairly pounded the floor with their feet. They all regarded it as a joy to hear a watch tick and I soon taught the older ones to tell the time. The Igorot boys learned English with great rapidity and could converse intelligibly after two months of intensive instruction.

I consider that on the whole I was fairly successful as a teacher. I taught the boys to read the thrilling adventures of Juan and Maria, the Filipino John and Mary, to write their names, to count more than a hundred, to tell the time, to play hide-and-seek, and to sing "Tipperary." My methods were personal, and probably would not have been approved by any Department of Education. I found it necessary to make the following rules and regulations:

1. School must be entered by the door and not by the window.
2. Hunting a lost carabao is not a valid excuse for absence.
3. Pupils will not be permitted to stand on the table or climb on the roof.
4. Drawing and writing must be done on the table and not on the floor.
5. Pupils must not bring *dodon* (grasshoppers) or *bovada* (wood-grubs) to the school.
6. Faces must be washed at least twice a week.
7. Visitors must wear at least two articles of clothing.

Our principal diversion after school-hours was to swim in the cold waters of the mill-pond. I refused to swim except when the sun was shining. The boys acquired the expression "the sun is shining," which they never tired of repeating. Whatever the weather at midday they invariably insisted "the sun is shining." Another favourite sport was hunting grasshoppers, which the Igorots used as food. They were beaten to the ground with long switches.

When the afternoon rain had ceased we usually took a long jaunt up or down the mountain trail. Such trips began with cries of "*Ome tako*" (Let's go) and ended with shouts of "*Manta ole*" (Let's go home). Sometimes we gathered big baskets of *cumbob* (mushrooms), at others wild berries and Benguet lilies. During these tramps on the trail the boys used to sing their own version of "Tipperary," the teaching of which I considered my greatest achievement as a teacher. They always confused "Picadilly" with "piccaninny," an American word which had crept into the Igorot language.

The boys augmented their musical education in the evening by the fireside. Because of its words of one syllable I taught them to sing "At the Cross." After the song-practice we frequently put a set of boxing-gloves to work for half an hour or more. Outdoors the children learned various games, finally mastering what was to them the complicated game of hide-and-seek. They delighted in it, for it is second nature for an Igorot to hide.

I had set as a date for the end of the term the day when the older boys, Tom and John, could write a letter to their grandmother. It was a big contract, and as my time was limited I had to resort to subterfuge. The boys were able to copy, one line at a time, fairly well. So I wrote a specimen letter which they copied very slowly and carefully. I trust that the old woman in Pennsylvania did not detect the deception.

There was no other teacher available, so the University closed with my departure. I think often of that schoolhouse in the forest and the strange children eagerly shouting the alphabet in their haste to be out on the hunt for grasshoppers. I have a queer feeling that my time there may have been better spent than at many other places on the long trail.

HARRY W. FRANTZ.

## THE USE OF DIRECT ACTION.

I TAKE it that the first effect of recent "regrettable incidents" of British rule in Ireland upon the mind of the average decent American is a swift and sympathetic indignation. And then, I imagine, there comes a feeling of puzzled wonder that such things can be, that the British people tolerate them, that British labour in particular tolerates them.

"We are always being told," you Americans are probably saying to yourselves, "of the strength of the British labour-movement. Then how are these things permitted? Why does not labour—with its Council of Action ready to hand—why does it not act, and impose as firm a veto upon this vile Irish war as it did upon the Russian?"

Now the answer to that question is necessary to a right understanding of British—indeed of all—labour politics. Yet I doubt if its importance is properly realized in America. The plain fact is that organized labour in Britain is powerful, and yet powerless. It is strong: it grows every day stronger. But



it is not, as yet, strong enough to seize power—either by “constitutional” or by “unconstitutional” means. And until it can seize power, it can not effectively control policy.

“Constitutionally” British labour is impotent. It is a small minority in a House of Commons where the solid majority is “*plus royaliste que le roi*”—more Bourbon than our Bourbon Government. The present House was elected in the midst of the Armistice Saturnalia. It had no mandate either to dragoon Ireland or to blockade Russia. But it was elected for five years. And for five years, unless the Premier chooses to dissolve it, it is sovereign, untrammelled even by a Constitution. Its decrees are absolute. There is no legal means of combatting its authority. “The people of England,” said Rousseau, “believe that they are free. They deceive themselves. They are free only once every seven years.” That seven years has been reduced to five. But the taunt holds true to-day. And Rousseau might well have added that the electorate, swayed by some momentary emotional appeal, uses that intermittent freedom only to bind itself anew in chains.

Constitutionally, then, nothing is possible. There is a sovereign, irremovable majority in Parliament which approves the rape of Balbriggan and counts General Dyer of Amritsar a hero. But what of extra-Constitutional methods; what of direct action; what of the economic power of labour? Can not these effect anything? Would the Government dare to continue its military terror in face of the threat of a general strike?

That question brings one right up against the whole matter—the vitally important matter—of the limitations of the use of direct action. I pass over the question of principle—the discussion whether or not it is right to use direct action, to coerce a pseudo-democratic Government by the use of the economic power of a well-organized minority of the community. The formation of the Council of Action was the definite judgment of British labour on that point. There are many among the leaders who accepted that judgment unwillingly; who still recoil from its implications; who still believe that our present travesty of democracy is sacrosanct. But for all that, labour has definitely declared itself in favour of the use, on fit and proper occasion, of direct action for political purposes.

But, that doubt once resolved, we come to the more practical questions. Here is the problem. A Government, in full possession of all legal authority, is using that authority in a dozen criminal ways. One day it foments and munitions war against the Russian Republic; the next day it is slaughtering Mesopotamian Arabs for the sake of the oil-kings. One day it is a massacre at Amritsar; the next day it is the burning of Balbriggan. And through it all runs the less dramatic, but equally sinister, tale of the evil which it does at home, of the exploitation of the British people themselves.

Now if you are to cope with this kind of thing there are clearly two courses open. Either you may deal with each separate crime or you may deal with the criminal. You may look to direct action as a weapon by which to-day you can oppose war-mongering in Eastern Europe and to-morrow oppose tyranny in Ireland. Or you may look to it as a weapon by which you can, once for all, overthrow a criminal Government, make impossible all governments of a kindred type, and transfer power to the hands of people who will honestly try to do justice between man and man and between nation and nation.

The formation of the Council of Action was an

attempt—a fairly, though not yet completely, successful attempt—to use direct action in the first way: not for the overthrow of the Government, but for its coercion in one particular matter.

That may be done—and done successfully—once. But surely it is clear that it can not be done repeatedly. You can not threaten a general strike every week on a new issue. You can not threaten a general strike on half a dozen different issues at once. For the power of that threat depends not merely upon strength of organization, but upon the will of the individual workers. It is an idle and a perilous gesture unless the rank and file of the unions is known to be ready to respond enthusiastically and resolutely to the strike-summons. And such a response is only assured if the call is upon an issue that is at once definite and clearly understood. Moreover, there must be some overwhelming immediate emotional stimulus, and the issue must be one with which the rank and file have already been made familiar, not only as a political question, but as a probable matter for eventual direct action. How futile and how disastrous can be the calling of a big strike for a political object when these conditions are not fulfilled, the French labour-movement learned from the debacle of this summer.

Now this means that it is, in the first place, impossible to complicate the issues upon which men are asked to strike. You can not, without certainty of failure, appeal simultaneously for a strike for Russia, a strike for Ireland, a strike for nationalization. Direct action may be employed in one of these cases, but not in all three simultaneously. For the rank and file will not respond to so confused a call. Nor can these matters be dealt with in swift succession. Direct action is not a weapon that can be in constant use. The leaders of organized labour can not to-day threaten a strike for Russia, to-morrow a strike for Ireland, the day after, a strike for nationalization. For again, the effect will be to bemuse, to irritate, to weary their followers. And when at last the call comes the rank and file will hesitate and prove unready.

Therefore British labour, by the very fact that it has chosen to employ direct action—or the threat of direct action—to coerce the Government in the matter of the Russian war, has effectively debarred itself from using direct action for any other political end until this Russian question is settled, and perhaps even for some time after. That is a clear fact which may be regretted, but which it is folly to ignore.

There remains, then, that other possibility—of direct action used not particularly for Russia, not particularly for Ireland, not particularly for any one issue, but for the overthrow of the government itself.

That is a question too big to discuss within the limits of this article. It is not to-day practical politics in England. To-morrow it may be. Only fools will prophesy. But to any Americans who may be looking to it as a means of securing justice for Ireland I want to point out that it would imply far more than the giving of justice to Ireland. It would imply full revolution—probably with violence, for the governing caste would not submit without a struggle. If it succeeded it would mean the overthrow not only of a government, but of a whole system, political, economic and social. It would mean a dictatorship—in the accurate, not the perverted sense of that ill-used word. If it succeeded it would mean the British revolution. If it failed —

It is as well that people, both in England and in America, who are apt to talk a little lightly of the use of the industrial power of labour to secure this and to prevent that should realize what this weapon



really is, what its powers are and what its limitations. To threaten unless you are prepared to act, is a mere bluff that will sooner or later be seen and called. To be prepared to act is to accept the revolutionary policy with all its implications. For with direct action it must be all or nothing. For half measures, for particular measures, it is—except on the rarest occasion—useless.

Ultimately, indeed, one comes down to the basic fact that policy is controlled by those who actually hold power. Intervention, opposition, resistance, both political and economic, may thwart, may hamper the doings of a Government. They may produce partial and momentary effects: but they can achieve nothing of real or lasting import. A fundamental change of policy can come only from a fundamental change in the location of power.

That basic fact the realists of British labour-politics are coming to see more and more clearly. They are not asking themselves: How can we prevent these outrages in Ireland and India? How can we stop the Russian war? How can we secure nationalization? How can we check our imperialists and curb our exploiters? They see that to all these there is but one answer—by seizing power. And that question, how to seize power from the governing class and how to retain it until the country shall be saved, is beginning to bulk in its due proportion.

That question we have got to solve. There will, in America, be varying views upon the rightness and wrongness of the possible modes. But it is as well to realize quite clearly that it is only if we do, in one or another way (and there is no Constitutional way open for three more years) take power, that we can put a stop to the tragedies of Amritsar and Balbriggan and their like.

W. N. EWER.

### MOTION.

*When our senses and imagination find what they crave, when the world so shapes itself or so moulds the mind that the correspondence between them is perfect, then perception is pleasure, and existence needs no apology.*—SANTAYANA: "The Sense of Beauty."

It was Pater who revealed the arts assembled in procession, ranging at one end from the cognition of life through pure form, rid of all association, to the representation of it at the other. Music was the archetype, towards which other art forms were always striving, struggling to be rid of the exterior elements of reminiscence that kept them from seizing reality in itself, and from the perfect coalescence of form and matter.

Modern psychology still has its æsthetic to build—it has as yet only dimly lighted the way towards an explanation of the emotion aroused by absolute form. It remains for the psychologist to explain specifically to what elemental but sublimated desire art becomes a satisfaction. Here and there the metaphysicians suggest that in its fixed harmony, selected and co-ordinated detail, complete organization and articulation, art supplies that ideal state and satisfaction which the fluid quality of experience and its permanent state of incompleteness leaves so desirable. Life is the broken arch; art supplies the keystone, with infinity through and beyond. Life is confusion, incompleteness, with all relationships failing of their full co-ordination. Art throws out the ill-fitting stone and selects only what will make the clear and fundamental pattern. After all, that is, one may suppose, what the moderns mean by significant form.

It would not be easy, in these days, to establish the order of Pater's hierarchy. Poetry might follow music, finding itself indeed an intimate of those later forms

which have deserted pure structure for those less austere pleasures which are found in recalling the outside world. The classic drama, entirely noble in its structure and owing to a good deal of the antiphonal quality of musical counterpoint, would find a place well to the front. Architecture might march almost abreast of poetry, with sculpture and the decorative arts close behind. Oriental and primitive painting of certain periods would have a forward place. But painting of the later centuries, until Whistler and then Cézanne, would be almost at the end of the line, keeping step with the novel, the late drama—and the motion picture.

Is this scorn of mere illusion, of the mere representation of reality, an arbitrary one, a kind of snobishness of the arts? Here, too, a vast field still awaits the psychologist, who so far only vaguely hints that the pleasures which come out of recognition, association, connotation—the emotions and sentiments reflected from the mirror as it is held up to nature—are only the inferior satisfactions of a highly developed kind of day-dreaming. Falling back on an old ethical background, the psychologist finds this to be out of keeping with his axiom that an emotion should never be a satisfaction in itself, but always the *point d'appui* towards new satisfactions. Absolute art, cognition of the thing in itself, he might say, supplies this; it sends the visioning one back to experience with a purified and strengthened desire to seize out of it the completion which he found ideally in art.

Yet to exclude from art the part that illusion is to play in it, means nothing less than to deny validity to the vast increments of human experience, to long cycles of race memory, and to the part which the sum of real and vicarious experience in the span of our individual lives plays in the stimulation and enrichment of life and human society.

The arts that by the limitation of their form are representational in character—the novel, the realistic drama, and the motion-picture—are faced by a dual problem. Handicapped by the constant need for selection out of the rough assortment of experience, they must still maintain, if they are to achieve some emotion of ideality, harmony, design and organization, so consistent with an illusion of experience—in other words, common reality—as will find acceptance as such by their audience. In these representational arts, the Particular is a bait by which they lead the æsthetically blind but hungry on to the Universal. But in the end, their constant aim is to acquire through the veil of realism as much ideality and universality as they can touch. They, too, exhibit an *Anderstreben* towards the almost mathematical abstraction of music.

### II

Such critics as have touched upon the art of the motion-picture have been led by its obvious processes of visualization away from the inferences of a comparison with music. In all their conclusions, the critics have made no attempt to penetrate to the fact that what in the motion-picture is essential and unique is—above all other things—motion. Every contribution to the general pattern—the setting, the acting, the lighting, the narrative itself—all are conditioned by the fact that they are composed and quickened to life and form only when there is added to them the vital principle of flux, of movement. As a static thing the motion-picture has no existence. But when once made to live it streams before the eye in a constant process of becoming, which is essentially the unique quality of music. It lives in a myriad of immediacies.



The problems of illusion are the slightest the motion-picture has to encounter. The motion-picture is illusion inescapably because it is photography. Whether it is a convincing illusion is only a problem of refinement, which its creators have been learning to meet. What the critics mean when they ask, "will the motion-picture ever be a distinct art form?" is whether it will ever be anything more than an illustrated story-book, whether it will ever acquire in the midst of illusion that sense of significant form and organic movement that will supply it with a pathway to ideality.

The sonata, the fugue and the symphony supply a not impossible pattern for the motion-picture. It is indeed possible to conceive of a motion-picture in which particular facts have diminished to the vanishing point—as much, at least, as in such music-drama as "Pelleas"—a motion-picture that is thematic and melodic in its treatment of action, contrapuntal in texture, symphonic in organization, harmonizing its climaxes, dealing even in discordances and broken harmonies. Such a picture would state its theme; develop it contemporaneously in an inner action embroidering the principal progression; restate it several times in new and significant ways, yielding finally to a gathered climax and resolution. Such a style is by no means foreign to the arts. Counterpoint is common in the plots of Shakespeare—Macbeth and Hamlet stand out—and may be identified without much difficulty in Hardy. Joseph Conrad is almost its high priest—"Lord Jim" is his Fifth Symphony.

In many ways—and apparently by a process more intuitive than intellectual—Mr. D. W. Griffith disclosed possibilities of this kind in "Broken Blossoms." The only real distinction in this picture, aside from its more or less expected mechanical and illusionist excellences, lay in the fact that it used all the possibilities of photographic light and colour—which are the essentials of form—to give organization to an impression, a state of mind. Obviously it was realistic in intention; but the exotic character of the Limehouse background made it anything but realistic in effect. It took on, instead, strangeness and distance; common facts dropped away, leaving the many sided implications of the strange and the mysterious. The ghostly, shadowy, back lanes of an ancient and exotic region, the rat-haunted spaces and the starved and twisted human souls that set the key of action—all this was composed and moulded into a form that grew in movement to sudden articulation and final climax.

Inchoate and impressionistic so far as its illusion of reality was concerned, "Broken Blossoms" was significantly choate and organized in its development and in its sense of form. It was significantly marked by thematic repetition, which is always the basis of symmetry, and is certainly essential to an art that takes form, not within one complete, instantaneously-defined setting, but only in the constructing spaces of imagination.

### III

Pictures maintained in that flux which is singular to the motion-camera are subject to relationships that are absent in still pictures. When an artist speaks of "rhythm," the dynamic quality of a Rubens, or of a Degas, he has in mind something that is integrated within the picture itself. The space within the frame has a complete logic that would be frustrated and violated by a single change. A perfect harmony exists within the single design. The rhythmic flow is within the boundaries of the frame, and is sufficient to itself. It is a work of art.

The same principle is at work on the modern stage. Such settings as were made by Mr. Robert Edmond Jones for "The Jest" were completely organized to the needs of the episodes they presented, containing within them all the relationships necessary to the action going on there. Neither the easel painter nor the stage decorator, it is clear, has ever to consider deeply the relationship of scenes that flow into each other and out again.

It is evident that in the motion-picture, no setting can ever be totally regarded by itself. That movement, that sense of rhythmic vitality, which is the objective of the artist who paints his pictures in still mediums, is taken as the very *raison d'être*, the primary condition to existence, of the motion-picture. Rhythm, therefore, an essential binding, synthetic, and composing element in all art, comparable with the mind's own processes, takes on in the cinema a deeper aspect. It does not mean merely the flow of movement, for the motion-picture is movement. It means a harmonization of all the thousands of separate scenes and action that make up the entire production, the direction of a curve comprehending all of them, a *tempo* of pulsation in which the complete material, subjectively and objectively, must be set. It is a flow within a flow, by which the meaning and interpretation are to be established and controlled. In terms of the painter, all tones, all values, of line and form, must themselves assume a rhythm, an organization of moving form, consciously measured and posited, and recognizable as identified with that which is meant to be significant in the work wherever it appears.

Architecture is spatially static; its rhythms are necessarily those that may be obtained without movement in space. St. Patrick's Cathedral, however formal it may be, is full of movement and action. In the motion-picture, the setting itself actually does move, affected even as it already is by the fact that it is primarily a background for shifting human beings and objects. The background itself also moves and changes, shifts from one point of view to another, and flows continuously through innumerable places. There is therefore, a *continuousness* essential to the process which must be recognized, a flux that will determine the scenic artist's treatment. The mind of audiences alone can see the created thing as a unity; it never appears as such on the screen.

It is obvious that this problem of an integrity that will pervade the treatment of scenic decoration, moulding a changing, shifting process to one single purpose, is fundamental to the entire problem of organic structure. It is indeed a large part of it.

RALPH BLOCK.

## IN THE CLASSICAL CEMETERY.

### III. A VICTIM OF MARRIAGE.

PHÆDRA is invested so completely with the glory of her wifehood that we forget all about her complexion. She was a blonde. Nothing could match the delicacy with which attention is directed to this circumstance by the master of the Greek theatre. The blonde beast of Nietzsche is masculine but the blonde beast of Euripides is feminine. She is married. She is the supreme artist in the difficult and even dangerous specialty of wifehood. The adequacy of Phædra to her vocation—that of marriage—implied an equipment no whit less divine than that of Cassandra for the art of prophecy. It may all be summed up as the Greek attitude to life and it remains unintelligible to the Anglo-Saxon world only because Americans, like the English, are not a nation of artists.

If this artistry of Phædra's wifehood be missed, the



tragedy to which she imparts the miracle of her personality sinks to the level of that of a professor of Greek. The point of the "Hippolytus" of Euripides is missed, nevertheless, because of the Anglo-Saxon conception of marriage as a career open to women. Any woman, we are invited to believe, can be a wife. All she has to do is to find a husband. This, of course, is true after a fashion, just as it is true that one needs but a pencil and a sheet of paper to become a writer. The conception of wifehood as an art, requiring for success a genius no less powerful than that of a Praxiteles in sculpture, was peculiarly Athenian. The idea of subjection to a husband in wifehood was unintelligible to the Electras, to the Clytemnestras—whose family difficulties would seem so like our own if they did not involve great artists. Electra is an artist in virginity when she explains that as an unmarried young lady she can not enter into the details of the scandal in the family. Clytemnestra is most an artist when she murders. There is no stooping to the trickery of getting rid of the body, no packing of a victim into a trunk to be left till called for. But the Euripidean art of murder would require a study by itself.

To Euripides, then, when woman happens to be Greek, she is always an artist, whether she be engaged in murder, adultery, prophecy or bringing up a family. Phædra is supreme among all the women of Euripides because she practises the greatest art of all—that of wifehood. She practises it in her capacity of a blonde. From the blonde type among males spring the great domineering characters, whether they be soldiers, statesmen or fathers of families. The women are exacting, hot-tempered, understanding well how to make their fathers, their brothers, their husbands pay for the thrills and ecstasies they bestow. Phædra was all that. She betrays it in an aristocratic petulance with the maid who, evidently, was once her nurse and who, at any rate, treats Phædra as if she had known her from childhood. If the word lady were not so much abused and if the idea of a perfect lady had not been caricatured in the suburbs and the slums, it would be tempting to insist that Phædra is a perfect lady, a blonde perfect lady, a spoiled perfect lady, an irresistible perfect lady. She is dressed and she is undressed, but never by herself. She would not know how. When that wonderful yellow-gold hair presses too heavily upon that enticing forehead, it must be lifted lightly by the hands of servants. Phædra would never condescend to lift it herself, although Euripides does not say so. Phædra knows what irresistible elbows she has but she reveals her acute consciousness of her own beauty with the artlessness of the race-horse in exhibiting its own speed. It is such a distinguished, divine vanity that when she loses her temper and flies into a rage the spectacle she makes of herself is noble and æsthetic.

An exploration of the world's literature must needs be thorough ere it yield a thrill comparable with the experience of encountering Phædra for the first time when she is borne out into the fresh air from the luxury of her apartment, an object of anxiety to a regiment of well-trained servants. Her husband is away from home and Phædra has not been feeling well. She has not been thinking of that husband nor has she given much thought to the children. She has been thinking about Hippolytus, and well she realizes that he is the last young man on earth to whom her rebel thoughts should wander, even if he be her stepson. For some reason not easy to explain, although easy enough to understand, one thinks of the wickedest and the greatest of the French novelists in pondering this scene. Phædra is so fashionable in such a Parisian conception of the term that she makes every *marquise* at the court of the sun-king look a trifle artificial. Phædra is not in the least "horsy" after the fashion of those ebullient duchesses who clapped their hands at the Derby in the nineteenth century and still she would be up with the hounds and dashing off with the stallions and mares. She is in love with the wrong man but she remains as true to her husband as Imogen was to Posthumus.

This chastity is the masterpiece of Phædra. It is her contribution to her art and her art is that of marriage. She could no more have sinned with Hippolytus than Lindley Murray could have split an infinitive or than Phidias could have carved an incorrect line. The husband of Phædra comes before us in precisely the aspects that befit the character of a foil for a perfect lady who is high-bred, like Phædra, elegant, like Phædra, and a legitimate heiress of the age that knew Pericles and the Acropolis. The object of the guilty passion of Phædra has the youth that excuses him and her, the strength that explains him and the beauty that makes him Greek. The old woman who essays to bring this pair together has the wisdom of a witch and she makes an opportunity with all the genius of Catherine de Médicis in pandering to such a fatal distribution of the affections. The art of Phædra triumphs over everything. The fall that would be inevitable for the *marquise* or the *baronne* of Balzac is rendered impossible not because Phædra is good but because she is a genius.

Being neither a lady nor an artist, although she is a good deal of a philosopher, the aged nurse will not heed when Phædra bids her be silent on the subject of Hippolytus. Phædra is a genius with a vocation to marriage but the nurse is a talent with a high capacity for intrigue. Phædra is willing to make the supreme sacrifice of life itself for her art but the nurse, with the instinct of the second-rate, will compromise. Her logic is strangely like that of the wife of Iago. Emilia would not do what the nurse bids Phædra do—unless the inducement were out of the ordinary. Emilia would not deceive Iago for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats nor caps, but for the whole world—well! The love in which Phædra languishes must end in fulfillment or in death. The remedy is dictated by common sense and the nurse has her expedient. The fascination of Phædra, her power to inspire devotion, the glitter of her personality, all have their effect upon the wicked old woman, terrified by the thought that the young one may die of love before she will yield to it.

Phædra is chaste, then, not because she loves her husband, not because she has virtue or purity, but because she is a married woman living conspicuously in that character. The taste of her period is decadent on the æsthetic plane and it is time to set a standard, as she tells her lady friends. Phædra must be Greek, not barbarian. The whole attitude is so alien to an Anglo-Saxon world in the throes of woman's emancipation from this, that and the other, as to impart to Phædra the aspect of a moralist. Phædra was not a Christian and Euripides wrote centuries before the crucifixion. The issue was one of Hellenic civilization against Asiatic licence and it touched the pride of race to the quick. It was no question of religion, either, because Aphrodite, although worshipped, was, on the whole, disreputable, not only to Phædra but to the man Phædra loved. Aphrodite was well enough as a goddess, but she was no lady. Neither was the nurse. This precious pair did not understand the art of marriage.

One agony remains. That energetic, cunning plebeian, the nurse, might betray the terrible secret of Phædra's passion to its object. Not that Hippolytus would have taken advantage of any such indiscretion, for he, too, was a Euripidean Greek, understanding marriage as an art, exactly as Phædra did. An intrigue with his stepmother would have been to him what a lack of clean linen must have signified to Beau Brummell or an untimely thundering of trumpets to Berlioz when he was conducting an orchestra. Phædra appreciated this perfectly. She knew, likewise, that the nurse, endowed only with what the Anglo-Saxons call common-sense, and destitute of what the Anglo-Saxons call morality—which had yet to be discovered—might blow her world to pieces with a slip of the tongue.

The scene in which Phædra overhears the old woman when that old woman—to use an Anglo-Saxonism—gives her away to Hippolytus is the most terrific eavesdropping



in the history of tragedy. All the respectable women in the city seem to turn up just then. They, too, are ladies, although not such perfect ladies as is Phædra. They understand. Walter Pater doesn't. Gilbert Murray doesn't. These men are obsessed by that word "chorus," which sends them off on false scents to where the pedants of Germany have been this many a day. Never having made a profession of the Greek language and literature, Phædra's lady friends agree with her that neither men nor gods will understand the nature of the treachery of which she has been the victim. The art exemplified by her career as a married woman is compromised for ever. The whole city will soon ring with the scandal. What is there to do but die? She loved but she did not die for love. She died for marriage, and she remains the most glorious of all its victims. ALEXANDER HARVEY.

## MISCELLANY.

ONE finds odd nondescript Sauls, sometimes, among the prophets. A new history of Rhode Island has just been published by the American Historical Society, written chiefly, it appears, to prove the thesis that Dr. John Clarke, and not Roger Williams, was the founder of the modern democratic State and the great proponent of religious and civil liberty. In his chapter on the Pequot War, after some very just praise of the high character of the Eastern Algonquin Indians, and of the Narragansetts in particular, the author, apparently with no idea of the implications of his statement, says: "To the English mind, property in land was a permanent and personal possession. To the Indian, land-values were temporary in nature and communal in exercise. With peoples of such wide racial differences, living in close proximity, it would be strange indeed if serious misunderstandings did not arise." The author is not accurate; his terminology is that of an amateur. Nor is he right about the English mind, which for centuries, up to the time of the Angevin lawyers who came over from France in the wake of the Conqueror, held exactly the same conception of property in land as was held by the Narragansett Indians. But one can see what the author is driving at; and pondering upon his statement, one says, "There is the key to the fate, not only of the Indian, but of ninety per cent of the white people of this civilized country." Expropriate a people from the land, whether by violence or by process of law, and what is left for them but to exist thenceforth at the mere will and pleasure of the owners?—and this is servitude.

STOUT old Thomas Robinson Hazard—may the Kingdom of Heaven be his!—in his inimitable "Jonnycake Papers," one of the real treasures of American literature as yet unappraised and almost unknown, makes incidental reference to the Great Swamp Fight of 1675, "when the noble Narragansett Indians were exterminated as they were fighting for their country against the combined forces of devilish blue-law Presbyterians of Connecticut and the cussed witch-drowning, Quaker-hanging Puritans of Massachusetts." He speaks here like a true Rhode Islander of the South County, to whom the dominant surrounding civilization was utterly hateful and alien and appeared, by comparison with that of the native Narragansetts, ignoble and mean. When one reads attentively what is generally said about the Eastern Algonquins, one wonders what precisely the standards are by which they are called uncivilized. In civilization as measured by newspapers, railways, motor-cars, finance-companies, land-deals, moving-pictures—in the civilization that is glorified by Mr. William Allen White and Mr. Meredith Nicholson—they would doubtless cut no very impressive figure. Conanicut and King Tom are not the ideal types of such a civilization, by any means; ranged beside Gradgrind, Chadband, Quinion and Pecksniff, they add to the picture nothing that can not well be spared. But if civilization be measured by the humanization of men in society—their own society and that of others as well, as far as they can understand it—the

Narragansetts appear, by comparison, to have given a pretty fair account of themselves.

WITHAL, they never formed a State, or set up among themselves a political government of any kind. It is rather interesting to remark that tribes or nations that make their living by hunting, never developed the idea of the State. Grosse calls attention to this, and so have others after him. The fact has evidential value to those who hold that the State is primarily an instrument of economic exploitation and was developed for that purpose. Those communities which are divided into an owning, exploiting class and a propertyless, dependent class, have always developed a State, no matter how much or how little their communal organization be otherwise elaborated. On the other hand, those communities which are not characterized by economic exploitation, never erected a State. The coincidence is interesting, and those who see in it a relation of cause and effect are able to make out quite a plausible case. Hunting tribes, they say, never formed a State because there is no way of making another man hunt for you; he will go off into the woods and neglect to come back. Primitive peasants never formed a State because their economic accumulation is too small to be worth bothering about. Fishing tribes promptly form a State because that form of labour is exploitable; fishing is a sedentary, or sharply localized occupation and you can keep an eye on it. Besides, the returns are quick and usually pretty good. Thus the argument runs, and says a good deal for itself before getting through. Perhaps historians have in mind this failure to develop a structure of political government, when they speak of our Indians as not civilized—somewhat as President Wilson and Mr. Colby may have had, when they contrasted the behaviour of Soviet Russia with the "practice of civilized nations." This is all very well; but one would like to have the opinion of the Indians, if for nothing but the satisfaction of idle curiosity.

BEING fond of cultivated beauty, I find the South County of Rhode Island—the stretch between Westerly and Wickford—quite the loveliest sight that the country can furnish; or, no, strictly speaking, my allegiance wavers between that and the county of Sussex, in New Jersey. When I am in either, I am heart and soul for it, but always philandering with memories of the other. Both show the marks of having long been lived in by a comfortably sparse but settled population. The county of Sussex somewhat reminds one of the Auvergne, whose wheatfields were tilled to the hill-tops in Julius Cæsar's time, and no one knows how much before. The South County also is hilly and rolling ground, and its careful cultivation gives it the air of solvency which to me means much in a landscape. It has no hypochondriac's climate. Its seasons are sharply marked, and each one conscientiously fills out its annual engagement, giving you the worth of your money at any time of year; and the air is soft and heavy. Mr. Hazard maintains that the South County was the ancient Atlantis, the abode of the gods, and that their food, known as ambrosia, was merely the meal of Rhode Island white corn, ground *secundum artem* between millstones fashioned from rock of a peculiar grain and fineness which he calls Narragansett granite. Mr. Hazard's mythology may be fanciful, but when in the South County one really does not see anything unreasonable in attributing to the gods at least as good taste and good judgment as one attributes to oneself.

DISTINCTION!—that is the great thing; and the South County has it. Distinction is the product of years, of abundant and worthy history, of tradition, and of a certain segregation of interest. Localities take on a character from all these, a character that is immediately perceived by anyone who is sensitive to such impressions, and that above all else recommends them. There is wonderful natural beauty throughout the country and



those of us who are content with that can be abundantly satisfied. Those who, like myself, are most of all interested in the evidence of human co-operation with nature, and most deeply affected by seeing that man has been at it a long time and has made a good job of his share, do not fare so well. Sir Joshua Reynolds looked long at a painting: "Yes," he said, "perspective right, drawing right, colour right, everything right—but, hang it, man," he added, snapping his fingers, "hang it, man, it wants *that!*" And the *that* is precisely what is missed out of so much of our natural sightliness—it lacks *distinction*, it carries on its face the expression of a big, stupid, beautiful blonde, lovely to glance at and pass on from, with never a turn of the head. The abode, for a decade or so, of undistinguished men, following out undistinguished interests—standardized, unindividual, conforming men, untouched by tradition or by any sense of history—may show everything done for it that nature can do, and technical art as well, but it wants distinction, it wants *that!* The people of the South County are still in the main—not wholly, it is no Eden—in the main, children of the covenant, individualists, as respectful of the prerogatives of others as they are jealous of their own, immensely independent, reflective, shrewd, kindly, dignified. Thus the fine original tradition of Rhode Island still marks the face of the South County and its invigorating flavour permeates the air.

THE South County is one of the few regions of the country that has distinctive food. Bret Harte noted, without being aware of it, the first, perhaps, of the dismal processes of standardization which have sapped American life of so much interest, when he remarked that one could traverse the land from end to end and not find a local dish; that the country inns were but a weak reflex of the metropolitan hotels. In one or two districts, a local kitchen still survives after a fashion; and the South County has kept to its tradition rather better than any, as far as I have observed. Mr. Hazard has filled a great many pages of his book with ample descriptions of the South County diet of half or three-quarters of a century ago, and one would no more have the temerity to take up the subject after him than one would undertake to write an epic poem after reading Homer! Alas! change, inevitable and unwelcome change, has set in on the South County's standard of living. The South County is not of the world, but it is in the world, worse luck!—and if not beaten by the billows, it feels the ground-swell. It has lost less, however, than the rest of us. South County corn, rye, apples, ducks, turkeys, fish, shell-fish, are still the best of their kind and the South County has still, thank fortune, respect enough for them to treat them decently; cookery still survives there as an honoured art, and there is ground for hope that as such it may overlive even the iconoclasm of this generation.

FOOD-PRODUCTS of the South County, however, do not very well bear eating away from home. Jonny-cakes, for instance, baked in New York out of South County meal by a South County cook, in the established and regular South County mode, lose something. They are still the best in the world, but not by the same magnificent margin of superiority. This is true of Kingston sausage and many other things. I have always thought that Horace's *calum non animam mutant* has, and was intended to have, only a special and restricted application, even to human beings. Normality, or normalcy if you like, is one thing here and another there, differing subtly by many imponderables. Perhaps this is the secret of the local dish, of the well-known vagaries of tobacco, and other curious matters. Italian friends once told me that real *grissini* could be made only in Genoa, and that a painstaking effort to reproduce their peculiar quality had been made at Turin, no great way from Genoa, and had failed. Another friend brought English tobacco home with him in air-tight tins, but found, so he said, that it tasted like ravelled rope. Some say that all this

is imagination, others say that a multitude of slight and indeterminable changes take place in the chemistry of the substance, and again others say—which I think more likely—that the changes are in the chemistry of the percipient's body.

ONE can carry theorizing on such matters uncomfortably far. One evening, for example, I heard the musician Buhlig develop the thesis that the highest refinement of culture is a product of the soil. He did it with all the German's immense and passionate respect for whatever is *wissenschaftlich*, and I felt myself driven down the breakneck path that ends in determinism and materialism—to my great horror. But the American reader need not speculate; let him simply take as rule-of-thumb my suggestion to eat the products of the South County only in the South County. The replete and porcine acquiescence that asks no questions and noses not into origins—this again will be the triumphant answer of American pragmatism and empiricism to the *Geist* of all the pedants bred by Prussia since the day that Arminius stood on the banks of the Lippe.

JOURNEYMAN.

## THE THEATRE.

### BRITISH AND AMERICAN HUMOUR.

To compare the American production of Major Ian Hay's British—oh, very British—play, "Happy-Go-Lucky," with the production of Mr. Aaron Hoffman's American play, "Welcome Stranger," might be unfair, were it not for the fact that the actors in the former piece probably know quite as much about old England as the actors in the latter piece do about New England. Nay, more! Mr. O. P. Heggie, who is the star of the British comedy, has surely not been in America long enough to forget his native land; and one notes in the cast, filling a minor rôle, that splendid old English actor, Mr. George Giddens. Except for the fun of making comparisons, it is hardly worth while to go to either of these plays; but to those who are curious to study the themes and styles of popular drama, the conventions which have become crystallized into persistent moulds, a couple of evenings at the two plays will yield much that is of interest.

Both plays can lay claim to ancient lineage. "Happy-Go-Lucky" (it was called "Tilly of Bloomsbury" when acted in London) stems back to Tom Robertson's "Caste," and beyond that to Cinderella. "Welcome Stranger" is pure American stock on its mother's side, boasting such ancestors as "The Fortune Hunter," "Way Down East," and the like; but it is very much to be feared that its father was "Potash and Perlmutter." It is not a pure-bred. Thus does the melting pot come to Broadway, and thus, perhaps, "The Fortune Hunter" is all the more American.

What is essentially British in the Hay comedy is the contrast both for comic and emotional purposes between the haristocracy and the Cockney, with the haristocracy, of course, being ultimately shown up as no better than they should be, and the poor but honest souls who drop their h's walking away in triumph. When Tennyson announced that kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood, he was merely putting into poetic form the emotional basis of British popular drama. It is curious to note, by the way, that in 1794 Thomas Holcroft wrote a play in which a fop insulted the hero by asking him what profession he followed, to which the hero replied, "One of the most useless in England—that of being a gentleman," and the play was received with extreme disfavour. In those stormy days of the French Revolution, Mrs. Warren alone was quite sure that her profession would endure.



One is never quite sure, in seeing one of these British plays, whether the author, and the audience, would really care to carry the conclusion of the drama outside of the theatre. It may be observed that there is always at least one aristocrat who possesses both kind heart and coronet, and that the simple faith of the humble heroine does not in any way prevent her from laying her young head upon the one while delightedly contemplating the other, a conclusion of the matter evidently devoutly to be wished by all concerned, including the audience. The tale of king and beggar-maid is a fairy story now; but social distinctions still exist, and so by all means let us have plays about them which will flatter the "lower classes" while at the same time extending to them a ladder leading to the heights. The formula is a simple one: introduce a whimsically comic character or two, flavour with plenty of youth and "heart interest," and the trick is turned.

But your American average theatre-goer has no such hard and fast social castes in his consciousness. There are no coronets in his young life. His contrasts are between the supposedly dull wit of the country and the supposedly keen wit of the city, or between them as has and them as hasn't; even social supremacy being something that you can win or lose, not something which is inherent. He doesn't want to get up in the world, he wants to get on. He wants to have his simple faith flattered far less than his sharp wits. His hero is the inventor who conquers scepticism and makes a million with a new motor, or the man who comes to a sleepy town and wakes it up. Both these things happen in "Welcome Stranger," quite after the familiar pattern. There must, of course, be stout, even villainous, opposition to overcome; and a love story, with the heroine, if possible (and what is easier?) for a time under a cloud of suspicion. The course of true love in "Welcome Stranger" tumbles about quite like the water of the stream below the dam on the back drop—the dam which is to make the power for the electric light and power plant to be installed by the inventor and the hero.

So far, so good. But now enter Potash and partner. The hero of Mr. Hoffman's play is a Hebrew, one of those crude, shrewd Hebrews who are rapidly becoming familiar on our stage, whose nature is compounded of cupidity and kindness after a pattern almost as conventionalized now as the swaggering Irish hero of the age of Boucicault. "Welcome Stranger" finds its "novelty" in the fact that this Hebrew hero comes to a New England town and resolves to back the inventor who has dreamed out an electric power plant, but who meets the opposition of race-prejudice, over which his sterling human qualities at last triumph. Of course, a Hebrew clothing drummer, arriving in a New England town and setting about organizing its electric light plant, would probably meet with quite a lot of opposition, and encounter a good deal of race-prejudice. But to illustrate this successfully in a play would require at least as much familiarity with the New England town as with the Hebrew, and a type of drama cut to life, and not to conventionalized pattern. It is only as a pattern, or rather as two patterns, an old one and a comparatively new one fused together, that "Welcome Stranger" repays attention. The actor who plays the Hebraic hero, however, Mr. George Sidney, gives an unusually effective and ingratiating performance, full of quiet realism and unforced feeling. It is strange how often in our theatre our players transcend the material our dramatists supply them with.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

### THE ENGLISH INTERNATIONALISTS.

SIRS: When your correspondent from London, F. H. L., claims for the new spirit of internationalism and humanitarianism in England that it has "arisen and been nurtured wholly amongst the working-classes," one can not help wondering where his historical sense or mental detachment has gone. Has he never heard of Cobden and Bright? Does he not read his London *Nation* and realize the zeal for justice animating its middle-class editors, Massingham, Nevinston, Brailsford, Hobson and the rest? Does he not know of the influence of the middle-class element among the makers of even a nominally working-class paper like the London *Daily Herald*? Even Ramsay MacDonald and Philip Snowden are more truly representative of the intelligentsia than of the working-classes, properly so-called; and such internationalists as Mrs. H. M. Swanwick, Lady Courtenay and Mrs. Despard take their honourable places beside E. D. Morel, Bertrand Russell and Clifford Allen in the ranks of no class, but among the intellectual leaders of a great and fundamentally liberal-minded nation.

After fourteen years among the English people, I agree with F. H. L. that they are fatally misrepresented in the American and European press. My only quarrel with your correspondent is that he recognizes the spirit of internationalism and justice in one class only, while my own observation has led me to believe it to be more widespread in England than in any other country. I am, etc.,

Greenwich, Conn.

MILDRED MINTURN SCOTT.

### A REPLY TO TWO CRITICS.

SIRS: The correspondence columns of your issue of 13 October, 1920, contain two comments upon recent articles of mine in the *Freeman* to which I would like, with your permission, to reply. Mr. F. Carey Chisholm can not feel more than I how much more might have been said about Wilfrid Blunt's "Diaries," if exigencies of space had permitted. I assure Mr. Chisholm that it was no indifference to the importance of Mr. Blunt's books which was responsible for the necessarily abbreviated—yet lengthy—article, whose sole purpose was to draw attention to the original works, so packed with amazing lore. Your correspondent is also wrong in assuming that I have not the greatest respect for Wilfrid Blunt's courage. One swallow does not, etc.

Mrs. Seltzer raises two points of minor interest in connexion with my review of Magdeleine Marx's "Woman" in the *Freeman* of 22 September: (1) that the author is not a descendant of the great Karl; (2) that Stefan Zweig is "a critic second to none." The first is not of my invention, and if Mrs. Seltzer will refer to my article she will see that my emphasis was not on the literal family relationship implied by the name Marx, but on the intellectual origins of the *Clarté* group of long-distance Leninolators. The whole point of my reference to that group was that its members are prepared to log-roll any book, however mediocre, provided it be "radical" on such questions as sex, militarism or patriotism. "The Fortune," by my friend Mr. Douglas Goldring, is another example. A readable novel, but certainly not the masterpiece described by the polite Romain Rolland. Mr. Goldring's melodrama, "The Fight for Freedom," may also be cited, as an even more striking case, with its Barbusse preface. When Mr. Goldring showed me that play in manuscript a year or more ago, he did not claim to have written anything as significant as subsequent encomiums would imply. So far as Zweig is concerned, I am by no means as convinced as Mrs. Seltzer appears to be of his critical pre-eminence, and the "remainder" counters in our book-stores, stocked with his "Verhaeren," suggest that others, like myself, prefer his poetry. A poet does not become a critic by publishing occasional critical works. Mr. W. B. Yeats, by Mrs. Seltzer's definition, would have to be mentioned as a critic in the same category as a Brandes, a Brunetière, or a Saintsbury. I am, etc.,

New York City.

ERNEST A. BOYD.

### THE SITUATION IN YUCATAN.

SIRS: Many different elements contribute to the present situation in Yucatan, to which you refer in your issue of 6 October; and while the control of the henequin harvest is one of the principal causes, it is the consequences of past, not present, control, that underlie the unrest.

The *Reguladora*, which was formed under the rule of General Salvador Alvarado to maintain the price of the henequin



fibre in the foreign market, failed through inefficient management, and the producers who were forced to sell their harvests to the *Reguladora* and to accept the latter's paper until such time as the crop should have been sold, found themselves dragged into bankruptcy along with the monopoly. The *Reguladora's* fellow-monopolist, the *Compania de Fomento del Sureste*, also failed, and contributed to the disaster. The Mexican Government has now taken over the ships owned by the *Reguladora*, and is attempting to redeem the monopoly's paper.

In addition, the so-called *socialistas*, led by Felipe Carillo, are demanding the subdivision of the great estates, and wreak personal vengeance on their political enemies on the peninsula, the *liberales*. The latter party, the *Partido Liberal Constitucionalista* are the supporters of President-elect Obregon. The followers of Carillo threaten a separatist movement looking to an independent Yucatan, unless their demands are acceded to.

Furthermore, the bottom has dropped out of the henequin market, and the owners, faced with the depreciated paper of the *Reguladora* within, and a lifeless market without, have given up hope for the present, and are drifting, waiting better times. The Socialists, so-called, during their administration in the peninsula, forced wages far above the average in the rest of the Republic, ten pesos being paid for work that brought two or three on the mainland. This caused an immigration, and now that the State's principal crop is a drug on the market, starvation is rampant in Yucatan. This is the true cause of the unrest.

There have been a few, very few, murders during the political troubles, but no class-wars, and tales of free love and the abolition of marriage are sheer nonsense. Free love is more likely to arrive in New York than in Mexico. The story of the soviets in Yucatan originated from a meeting of radicals in some remote village, and growing as such stories do from teller to hearer, by the time it reached the capital, it was rumoured that all the peninsula was ablaze. A few troops, sent from a near-by garrison, dispersed the agitators without blood-shed. The Mexican revolution was fought to secure a plot of land for each citizen, and communism can not exist in a country as strongly individualistic as Mexico. I am, etc.,

Humboldt, Tenn.

JOHN E. KELLY.

#### WITH MANY APOLOGIES.

SIRS: I should like to call your attention to certain vexatious misprints in my paper on Andreyev, published in the *Freeman* of 22 September. "Nietzsche, with whom he [Andreyev] has more points in common than any other thinker," should be "than with any other thinker." "His works are not even artistic and convincing" should be "are not evenly artistic and convincing." "And as the medium" should be, "And as to the medium." "In the very misuses here enumerated" should be, "the very minuses."

I hope you may find it possible to publish these corrections in an early issue of your paper. I am, etc.,

Berkeley, Cal.

ALEXANDER KAUN.

#### A TRAVELLER'S IMPRESSIONS IN GERMANY.

SIRS: Perhaps you and your readers may be interested in the observations of a traveller in Germany at the present time. My trip took me from Basel down the Rhine to Frankfurt, thence to Berlin; from there on the Hamburg line as far as Soltau, and thence to Lüneburg, back to Hanover, Frankfurt and Constance. There is no difficulty in entering the country if one has a reasonable purpose; and once within the frontier, one's passport is never again examined. An Anglo-American seems to attract no attention whatever. Though I am myself of a pronounced American type, not more than a score of persons seemed even to note my presence, and of those not a half-dozen eyed me curiously or insistently; and not a single unpleasant word or look marred my journey.

I have read recently in English papers, that Germany is filled with hatred for England. My observations, conversations, and reading of the German press make me feel that such statements are essentially false. When our newspapers take a letter of Von Tirpitz—who doubtless will die as he has lived, an enemy of England—and headline it as though it expresses "German" sentiment, it is only another instance of the false and wicked sensationalism which will prepare new wars as it has prepared old. The fact is patent that the people of Germany (a few exceptions may be ignored) are very friendly to Americans, and not unfriendly to Englishmen. Even against France their sentiment has not the active quality of hatred; it is rather the bitterness of one who is defeated

and helpless, and who feels (rightly or wrongly makes no difference) that his remorseless victor demands his utter and perpetual ruin.

So far as America is concerned, the explanations of the present German attitude towards us are very apparent. First, the German press has taught its readers that the entry of the United States into the war was deliberately accepted by Germany as the price of unrestricted submarine warfare. Secondly, we have not ratified the peace treaty, and in Germany this it attributed not to politics, but to creditable sentiments of justice and consistency. Thirdly, we have been generous in our "love-gifts," *Liebesgaben*, of food, which up to May, 1920, amounted in value to some 300 million marks. Finally, since the armistice, letters and visits from America have been additional evidence that, as a whole, we genuinely desire the re-establishment of the country's prosperity.

The beginning of this prosperity ought surely to follow the present harvest. From Lüneburg to Constance, the country is one clean and crowded garden. The stand of grain is magnificent, and though many Germans are pessimistic, insisting that the land can not yet have recovered from the light cultivation given it by women during the war, this is hard to believe, and I heard nothing in conversation that would at present justify it.

The supply and consumption of food is still more or less under the control of the Government. In many restaurants, particularly in the more popular ones and in railway-stations, a traveller can procure neither bread nor meat without tickets. On the other hand, he can have cakes and cookies (sugarless) everywhere; and in a great many restaurants he is given both meat and bread without question. What the explanation of this may be, I had no time to determine. It seemed not to depend upon the prices; and the restaurants where this is done are so numerous that it can not be a result of contraband.

The cities themselves are poor: Berlin, once the cleanest of cities—so clean that, as the saying used to be, one could eat off the pavement—is to-day untidy with litter. In Hanover, perhaps in the provincial capitals generally, the streets are cleaner.

Only expert observers would be competent to judge the economic condition of the country, and predict how long it will be before it will again be industrially sound. My observations are probably of little value. At least the main railway lines seem to be in excellent condition; the express trains are few, even between the largest centers, but they make excellent time. All along the road are piles of rock for additional ballasting. I saw a few, new freight cars (none in France) and many more that had been freshly repainted. Everywhere, in every country, from Madrid to San Francisco, the housing-problem seems identical, and I do not know where it is being most satisfactorily solved; but I can say that I saw more building in Germany than elsewhere. On the whole, though aware of my ignorance, I can not take a pessimistic view of the prospects for the economic rehabilitation of the country.

As for the moral and intellectual condition of the country, unquestionably morality suffered in Germany, as in all the warring countries. I refer primarily to the corruption of business methods, to the continued use of *Ersatz* (substitute) materials, to the mushroom growth of swindling businesses, whose activities are reported in the daily press. Germany certainly has suffered in these respects; how much, no foreigner can fairly judge. Intellectual integrity seems to have been better preserved in Germany than in America. Germany did not, because of the war, proscribe the French and English languages, but on the contrary greatly extended the facilities for their acquisition. Of course, people who have money or (like my new acquaintances of the poor nobility) once had money, are nervous about bolshevism; on the other hand one seemingly prosperous shopkeeper confided to me that he hopefully awaited the revolution. The country as a whole seems sanely balanced. The Prussian is perhaps not greatly changed: I travelled with some who have all the old marks of arrogance and artificiality; and somewhat of Prussian cockiness, it may be remarked, is now observable in France. After all, that there is a limit to what even war can do in a regenerative way, even its most ardent friends would admit.

I do not believe that the Germans have any other wish than to live again in the arts of peace. If that be indeed their ambition, I am convinced that in those arts they will before many years hold leadership. I am, etc.,

Seville, Spain.

F. S. PHILBRICK.



## BOOKS.

## SOME DEFECTS OF GENIUS.

It is easier to enumerate the virtues of a poet like John Masefield than to lay a finger on his defects. Most of us have, at some time or other, fallen captive to the spell which he has shown himself capable of weaving in such poems as "The Everlasting Mercy," "Dauber," and "Reynard the Fox." An innate sense of exact, vivid, Anglo-Saxon diction, a strong love of adventure for its own sake, a power over rapid, sustained narrative, are splendid and beautiful qualities. There is no doubt that he is a man of genius; but like every man of genius, he pays the penalty for his ability in certain directions by possessing almost equally great defects in other ways.

In his new volume, "Enslaved,"<sup>1</sup> these defects are pushed into the foreground of the picture. The uncritical public, which realizes merely that Mr. Masefield is being much talked about, and has not yet acquired sufficient critical faculty to be able to distinguish between the superior and inferior work of a great man, will probably purchase "Enslaved" in as great a quantity as it has already bought "Reynard." Nevertheless, a truer test of the book's value would be to ask ourselves the question, "What would be our opinion if this book were by an unknown writer?" In the first place, it would then be obvious that the author of "Enslaved" suffers from too great a passion, not for seeing the world as it is, but for reforming it; and that his gospel for reforming the world is, like Mr. Vachel Lindsay's, a gospel of beauty. It may be a brave and a fine thing to go about the world preaching beauty; but it is a braver and a finer thing to go about realizing and expressing the beauty of the world in one's work and preaching that, as Whitman did. For if we simply content ourselves with preaching beauty as an abstract ideal of worship, the crowd in the street may quite easily inform us that they too are worshipping beauty in their own way, in the shape of the covers upon popular magazines, and in the short stories contained between those covers. In brief, the only intelligent way of worshipping beauty is to create it; and the only intelligent way of criticizing a work of art is to ask ourselves the question how far such work displays the passion, sincerity, and truth which are fundamental in every beautiful work, whether it preaches beauty or not.

"Enslaved," judged by such tests, largely fails; because it presents to us a curious mixture of the Masefield who is fundamentally an artist and the other Masefield who is merely a disappointed searcher after beauty. The plot of the poem itself from which the book takes its title is an unconvincing piece of melodramatic romanticism. One frankly expects a tragedy; but a conventional happy ending is provided by an act of unexplained generosity on the part of the villain. The whole thing seems bookish, remote, unreal. Mr. Masefield has undoubtedly made a great effort to bring the story home to us by employing upon certain individual details the same sustained power of imaginative visualization which he alone, among present-day English poets, has at command. The scene, for instance, of the prisoners' escape from the quarry, or that other scene in which they enter the room where the women captives are confined, are fine stretches of word-painting, comparable for tense excitement with similar pages from Joseph Conrad. But the characters do not become sufficiently interesting; seem, in fact, insufficiently equipped with a background of flesh and blood experience. We are not involved in their fate as human beings; the plot as a whole seems to have been made use of merely as a background for the writing of some fine descriptive passages.

The same remark might almost apply to the ballad, "The Hounds of Hell," but that here the groundwork of story is far simpler and less ambitious. "Reynard the Fox" has already revealed to the world the fact that Mr. Masefield's knowledge of hounds and horses is equal to

his knowledge of ships; here once again this knowledge has been brought to bear upon a subject derived from a well-known scrap of ballad preserved in "King Lear." The imagination necessary to conceive of a ghostly hunt, an affair of demons and phantoms, is therefore made convincing through the employment of detail derived from actual observation. The result is a fine ballad, revealing a strong power of evoking a scene in simple words, and a wisely restrained control over *macabre* effects. The other ballad, "Cap on Head," which deals with the well-known tale of the Demon Lover, has much of the same merit.

The rest of the book is of inferior interest. Once again, we are offered the familiar abstraction of Beauty in the place of beautiful truth. And, as always, this abstraction seems to the poet's mind to be something at once transient and eternal, the sole quality in the world permanently worth possession, and yet the sole quality eternally menaced by chance and change. This contradiction is nowhere resolved. Only the poem "On Growing Old" contents us with the paradox. With all its almost morbid self-pity, all its half-expressed conviction that beauty will not perish from the world even though the physical husk called John Masefield perishes, this poem has the merit of being a sincere and poignantly expressed confession. And sincere confessions by men of genius are not so common in this world of ours that we can afford to overlook this one, or to underestimate its importance.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

## FRAYED ELEGANCE.

THIS character sketch of Frederick Locker-Lampson,<sup>1</sup> from the first comma to the last adjective, is precisely the kind of memoir one might expect from an admiring son-in-law who also happened to be a Right Honourable Fellow of Trinity Hall and one of the Benchers of the Inner Temple. As a piece of book-making, the offering is admirable; as a book —! But Mr. Birrell is a devoted chronicler and if, from these impeccable pages, his placid father-in-law emerges an even less interesting figure than he seemed before one's perusal of this memorial, the meticulous chronicler himself can not escape scot-free.

To begin with, Mr. Birrell's biography of Locker-Lampson is eighty-four pages long and almost two-thirds of these pages are devoted to Locker's ancestors, their marriages, their correspondence, their relations with the great ones of their time. Mr. Birrell is happiest in his evocations of the past. When he reaches his own generation—and his main subject—the biographer becomes prosy, almost perfunctory.

As a man, Frederick Locker, born 1821, was a collector *con amore*, a hunter of celebrities, as mild a connoisseur as ever catalogued a library. He remained always a little outside life, not in Olympian unconcern or ironic detachment, but with a wistful uncertainty, a curious incomprehension that guided him through what he acknowledged to be "a wasted existence." Gentility was the essence of his ideal; grace and erudition his ultimate standards. Taste was his touchstone; the word "pleasing" his favourite word of commendation. "Whatever subject he approached—was it the mystery of religion, or the moralities of life, a poem or a print, a bit of old china or a human being—whatever it might be, it was along the avenue of taste that he gently made his way up to it." Nothing more compromising can be said of Locker than such a tribute.

It was to the same fetish of taste that Locker's own verse bent the knee. Even within the limitations of *vers de société*, his verse is singularly pallid, decorously elegant. His one volume has attained a reputation far beyond its merits, "London Lyrics" owing no little of its present fame to Austin Dobson's enthusiasm, his classic six-line tribute and his subsequent preface. Yet even Mr. Dobson, despite his desire to emphasize Locker's gift, can not make the older versifier bulk large as a designer of

<sup>1</sup> "Enslaved." John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co.

<sup>1</sup> "Frederick Locker-Lampson: Character Sketch." Compiled and edited by the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



light lyrics. His chief note, Mr. Dobson finally admits, is neatness, a placid ease.

Locker was at his best in recording the superficial daintiness that was so much admired in the eighteenth-fifties; a sentimental playfulness, an almost feminine archness find their expression in verse which is neither particularly adroit in rhyme nor firm in structure. He never was a pioneer in any sense: his lines show the influence of Præd, with their attempted balance of phrases; of Holmes, with the stanza-form of "The Last Leaf" which Locker greatly admired; of Hood, with their partiality to puns; of Barham, with their echoes of the verbally dexterous "Ingoldsby Legends." And, as Locker was a lesser poet than his predecessors in his own field, he was likewise inferior to his immediate successors. His work is dull compared with Dobson's, thin beside Lang's, bloodless and simpering when placed next to Calverley's.

His best effort, with the exception of three poems, "The Unrealized Ideal," "To My Grandmother," "My Mistress's Boots," is not a collection of his own but of other men's poetry, an anthology of "some of the best" social and occasional verse. His "Lyra Elegantiarum" contains not only the first but the finest assembling of these brilliant trifles written from the time of Sir Philip Sidney to the ages of Prior and Landor. In his natural regard for the relative as well as the antiquarian, Mr. Birrell scarcely does justice to the anthologist, and it is as the latter rather than as a father or cataloguer that Locker-Lampson is likely to be remembered.

Mr. Birrell devotes some sixty pages to "A Selection from Letters Addressed to Mr. Locker." Some of them are larded with superlatives; some, like the note from Tennyson, bear the concise and not too exuberant burden: "Thanks for your clever little book." None of them, however, contains Thackeray's tribute, which well expresses the affirmative side of the case in one sentence. "Never mind, Locker," Thackeray once said, "our verse may be small beer, but at any rate it is the right tap."

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

### MR. ROBINSON'S "LANCELOT."

GUINEVERE, Gawaine, Modred, Arthur, Lancelot play their age-long parts in Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Lancelot." The traditional outlines of the story are kept intact. But they are also submerged. Nearly all the action of the poem, its sheer story, is syncopated into brief passages which wind tersely in and out like the strands of some ancient weaving, binding together the subtler substance which Mr. Robinson handles, motive and emotion, the residuum which emotion leaves, the whole drift of fate. He has been called a novelist turned poet, and it is with character that he is mainly concerned. They are all worldlings, his people; for it was because of worldliness that Camelot fell. But they appear as the richest embodiments of their traditional qualities; their worldliness becomes a concrete thing. Gawaine is sunny, sophisticated, humorous, turning to fury because of the slaughter of Gareth and Gaheris, but yielding at last to his affection for Lancelot and to an ironical sense of the futility of their struggle. Guinevere is something more than beautiful, something more than an instrument of fate. The scene in the convent at Almesbury is a complex and dramatic revelation of her character, as she stands confronting Lancelot, appealing, self-pitying, ready to stab with remembrance, resolute but overwhelmed with sadness. And Lancelot, too, Lancelot more than any, is subtly and amply drawn: a sceptic and an idealist.

A moth between a window and a star,  
Not wholly lured by one or led by the other.

But Mr. Robinson, like the greater novelist or the greater poet, reaches beyond the study of character into the significances of human action. Camelot becomes the symbol for all outworn civilizations, ruined at last through blindness and greed and hate, through personal ambitions and personal desires, carrying with it in its downfall death

and destruction for unnamed hundreds. The note of doom sounds with a repressed vibration throughout the whole poem, and there is no easy promise for the future. As Lancelot says,

... The world has paid enough  
For Camelot. It is the world's turn now—  
Or so it would be if the world were not  
The world.

And he, Lancelot himself, brings to the world no clear hope. With all the persistence of his vision he is not a seer. He follows the Light at last, but it is rightly called a gleam; it is vague and distant. His is the tragic lot of the visionary who also is endowed with a sensuous hold upon the present. He is drawn both ways, and is marked for suffering:

God, what a rain of ashes falls on him  
Who sees the new and can not leave the old.

The poem is all tragedy, and its measure and mood are those of tragedy. It has no pictorial exuberance. Scarcely a line could be quoted for self-sufficient imagery. There is a "flash of oak leaves" over Guinevere in the wood and the recurrence of her white and gold, and at Joyous Gard there is the unending sense of the long rain; but, for the rest, the beauty of the poem is a low-keyed, intense but quiet beauty of cadence and rhythm. Its matter speaks with restraint and with completion. Its power lies in the immanence of its people and their struggle with their fate.

CONSTANCE MAYFIELD ROURKE.

### WHAT BRITISH LABOUR WANTS.

THE major assumption underlying the attitude of most Americans towards the industrial situation in Europe today is summed up in the expression: "conditions there and here are so very different." Latterly, however, we have not been able to close our eyes to certain developments in this country that seem to bear a striking resemblance to conditions over there. We are therefore learning, or at any rate some of us are learning, somewhat to modify our attitude, each according to his individual opinion, and to look to the example of Europe for warning or for inspiration, and for lessons in tactics and strategy, each according to his own particular point of view.

Representatives of American employers—such as the European Commission of the National Industrial Conference Board and the Commission of the National Civic Federation—have lately returned from their investigations abroad filled mainly with forebodings and warnings, while those representatives of American labour who have visited Europe within the past twelve months have selected those facts that seem to justify to each his own particular interpretation of what is going on over there and to encourage him to continue his own particular policy at home. In comparison with such diverse and accommodating representations of European conditions, Mr. Arthur Gleason's new book "What the Workers Want" stands out as a document of authenticated history, a piece of sane interpretation of contemporary events.

The feature that gives the book its greatest value, is its profound understanding of the British people, whose industrial and political problems it describes and illuminates with such keen comment. Every historical situation is made up of a multiplicity of factors, all intimately interwoven one with another in a maze of complex relations. Any neat and nimble calculation of cause and effect, any hard and fast judgment according to forms and standards, must needs, therefore, prove futile and unconvincing. Historical study and historical writing at their best require, as does the practice of the fine arts, an infinite capacity for understanding; and this, in large measure, is what Mr. Gleason possesses.

A considerable portion of the book is made up of quotations from documents, many of which have not been conveniently published elsewhere. Mr. Gleason, however, interpolates much shrewd comment of his own and has

<sup>1</sup>"Lancelot." Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

<sup>2</sup>"What the Workers Want." Arthur Gleason. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.



prefaced his evidence by three chapters of sound interpretation. In the sentences which, respectively, open these chapters, Mr. Gleason sets down the theme of the story and tells what its development means to him:

Britain is faced by universal unrest in the working-class and by a demand that economic power shall be shifted from the owners of capital to the workers.

The 'arbiters of contemporary events' are the workers, but they do not fully know it. The centre of authority is in labour, but it exercises its authority only in spurts and spasms. Failure to recognize this latent power of labour is to lose track of where 'the ball' is and to whom it is being passed. It is to concentrate attention on the blanketed figures at the side lines, who madly dance up and down and scream.

The war caught British labour unready. It required three years for the workers to find themselves and begin to shape a policy. So it is with the coming of peace. The post-war world demanded a policy, and labour was unready.

And then at the end of the third chapter the author gives us this synoptic picture of the general situation as he sees it in Britain to-day:

The official and upper-class tendency is to underestimate the volume of the currents now running. At present they are running under the surface. They are largely instinctive and subconscious. But with an obstacle to dam them, they would swirl up through the crust. They can still be canalized constitutionally.

The second section of the book reports the outstanding events in the industrial world of England during 1919, such as the Coal Commission's investigation of the mining industry; the National Industrial Conference (which achieved little more than did President Wilson's conferences of a similar nature), the annual conferences of the Labour party and of the Trade Unions and the great railway strike in the fall. One is glad to see in this section an admirable characterization of Mr. Robert Smillie, the veteran miners' leader whose personality is far too little known to the majority of well-informed Americans.

Another section contains a number of statements by prominent labour leaders telling what British workers mean by "workers' control." This is of special value at this time since these same ideas are gradually making headway in this country. Mr. Gleason does not conceal his satisfaction at the way in which British employers are gradually yielding ground on all points. American employers, however, condemn this policy as mere weakness and take warning therefrom that they must stoutly resist the pressure of organized labour. As Mr. Gleason sees it, a "gentle révolution" is on foot in England: the new spirit in labour is to abolish poverty and to win freedom." The goal is an egalitarian society, without private enterprise and profits in public utilities and with "a higher motive for production than the creation of wealth for a few." Mr. Gleason believes that the British people as a whole will submit to these changes, "because they see it is better to work a change constitutionally than to shatter the scheme of things." This political-mindedness of the British people, says Mr. Gleason, has its roots deep in the national character. The mind of the nation is at once conservative and bold, conservative in holding to the ultimate values of life and revolutionary in its willingness to scrap old cramping institutions. It is something of this quality which appears in the remark by a thoughtful Englishman with which Mr. Gleason closes his admirable and informing book: "I believe that our industrial system is dying. . . . It may be that the industrial revolution was a biological mistake, that the human organism is not adapted to that kind of life."

THEODORE M. AVE-LALLEMANT.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

MR. FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG's new volume "Undergrowth" is of unusual quality. For surely it is unusual in these days to find a novel in which the author is apparently unconcerned with sex, and in which there is little or nothing of minute character-analysis. "Undergrowth" is a novel of atmosphere. Characters and incidents alike are of value to

Mr. Young only as they can help to make more vivid the picture he is painting of the rugged, fear-inspiring mountains of South Wales. He makes us feel the power of Savaddan, and its beauty and its terror; he makes us suffer with the gang of superstitious workmen who are trying to build a great dam in what seems to them a God-forsaken and devil-haunted country. And yet the majestic beauty of the place holds us, as it held the two men who, in bringing their work to completion, lost their lives, but in the wild, elemental beauty of the wilderness gained their spiritual freedom.

D. L. M.

It is a sad day for poetry when an authentic craftsman attains such facility that he writes from sheer momentum. This, we suspect, is what has happened in the case of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, whose new book, "The Junkman,"<sup>1</sup> is the mere shell of poetry—the forms without the feeling. One searches through its pages with increasing discouragement for "the surpassing felicity of phrase, the impassioned sense of beauty, and the exquisite fancy" which once impelled William Dean Howells to draw Keats into comparison with Mr. Le Gallienne. This new volume comprises some two dozen ballads, a longish poem, "On Re-Reading Le Morte d'Arthur," and a wide miscellany of love poems and lighter verse. For the most part, the rhymes are conventional and repeated to the edge of monotony. The poetic figures are dainty, familiar, and unobtrusive. But one does not feel that such workmanship as is here displayed is the result of creative labour, of devotion to an ideal, of that inner fusion which makes enduring poetry, but rather that it represents a market-product. From Mr. Le Gallienne, we expect more than "the rust, the rubbish, and the lees"—which he lists in the Ballad of the Junkman.

L. B.

If the characters in "The Black Knight"<sup>2</sup> fail of acceptance as human beings, the explanation lies possibly in the naïve arrangement upon which the authors undertook their collaboration. Mr. Garstin, we are informed, having "spent most of his life in cattle, mining, logging and cavalry camps, knew next to nothing about women," and so Mrs. Sidgwick volunteered to "furnish the ladies." To Mr. Garstin fell the task of supplying "the plot and the gentlemen," not all of whom deport themselves as such, however, else there would have been no occasion for the hero—or for the story either, for that matter. The workmanship of the novel bears intrinsic evidence of this subdivision of labour. The Canadian scene, into which a young Englishman comes seeking his fortune, is sketched with descriptive vigour, and enlivened with incident. After many vicissitudes, the plot is shifted to the underworld of Paris, and—here are ladies! Mrs. Sidgwick, however, scarcely qualifies with her entries. We are importuned to accept a heroine so guileless that she can be introduced into a gambling dive without realizing what it's all about. Mrs. Sidgwick paints the lily of innocence so assiduously that even Mr. Garstin ought to have cried out against the calcimine.

L. B.

In "The Land of the Blessed Virgin,"<sup>3</sup> Mr. W. Somerset Maugham has recently given us the record of an old tour of his in southern Spain. Like his eighteenth-century fellow-countryman, who journeyed sentimentally through France and Italy, Mr. Maugham is more keenly interested in people than in painting, architecture, or scenery. But this latter-day Yorick has grown decorous and shows himself an amorist only in theory and in retrospect. "It is meet and just," he writes, "that the traveller who desires a closer acquaintance with the country wherein he sojourns than is obtained by the Cockney tripper, should fall in love." But though he paints a most appealing portrait of Rosarite, all that he will confess to, is that he is slightly enamoured of her recollection. Of the various cities he visits, Seville enchants him most. Cordova is second in his affections. He gives an admirable description of the gigantic Mosque with its Court of Oranges; Ronda he finds so dull that he is driven to spending the night in a deserted church where spectral priests officiate at the ruined altar; to Jerez he devotes four graceful and impressionistic pages; and there is an engaging description, in the Stevensonian manner, of a solitary horse-back ride through the heart of Andalusia, followed by two rather inadequate chapters on Granada and the Alhambra. Seville is charmingly drawn—an epitome of Andalusia, Mr. Maugham calls it. He paints it in

<sup>1</sup> "The Junkman, and Other Poems." Richard Le Gallienne. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co.

<sup>2</sup> "The Black Knight." Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick and Crosbie Garstin. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

<sup>3</sup> "The Land of the Blessed Virgin." W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

<sup>1</sup> "Undergrowth." Francis Brett Young and E. Brett Young. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.



detail: the barbaric Alcazar, haunted by the shade of Pedro the Cruel; the Giralda with its Moorish base and Christian belfry, toy-like in its daintiness of decoration; the cathedral, at Easter; above all, the gay street-life of the Calle de las Sierpes. Moreover, in addition to the inevitable bull-fight, there is an interesting account of the *zarzuelas*, those popular one-act plays, lasting about an hour, which bid fair to monopolize the Spanish stage. Modern Spanish songs and dances are also treated at some length.

J. S. N.

THE press accomplishes the task of leading the public mind by the simple device of being the public mind. Hence its power. By an art of emphasis it converts the stream of facts into propaganda, opiates, intoxicants. It dominates the mass mind with a speed that is fatal to mass thought, and merely by its amazing immediacy it becomes the voice of the people. What manner of intellect contrives to manipulate this vast influence; what power of mind creates a thought-world for millions and stirs a whole nation to its soul? In "Caliban"<sup>1</sup> Mr. W. L. George has portrayed the great newspaper magnate. Bulmer, that is his name, stumbles on the idea that what newspapers need in order to succeed is "zip." To Bulmer "zip" becomes a mystic, conquering word—not to be defined. Possibly it means speed without direction—initiative in the void! Bulmer, unencumbered by prejudice, travels on the elixir of "zip" to giddy heights of success. Shrewd, vulgar but magnetic, Bulmer is a man of vast but uninspiring dreams. He knows, with the subtlety and precision of genius, the shores of that void which represents the public mind. He is the presiding genius of that vast emptiness. Undoubtedly our modern magnates are often Bulmers who conquer by an invincible innocence that vanquishes all sense of futility. They are naïve—and diabolical. They fit into the system of things, as a hand fits into a glove. That is why, while the revelation of the man behind the genius is amusing, it is also ironic, with an irony that involves all of us. As a portrayal of Bulmer, "Caliban" is convincingly done; as a novel, it is disappointing. For the book, despite Bulmer's portrait, is perfunctory. One feels that the original conception was not sustained in the work. The picture of Bulmer, all ambition and energy, coupled with a vacuous brain, is splendid. The rest suffers from a casual quality that is hardly intentional. The story is often dull and the characters, like the supernumeraries in a play, are suitably eclipsed by the star, with the result that the figure of Bulmer stands out with harsh insistence; and one, in truth, becomes a little weary of him.

R. S.

#### A REVIEWER'S NOTE-BOOK.

IF one were asked what it is that keeps the life of art and letters going in the world, one would be obliged to say perhaps that it is not so much the men of genius as the rank and file of workers in the field of art and letters. Who are these workers? They are the artisans and journeymen who have the simple decencies of their trade, who continue at their task even when they know their own powers are mediocre, who take pains to find out just how mediocre their powers are, who have an impersonal regard for distinction wherever they find it, and whose sole concern is to keep taste and thought alive. It is these men who fertilize the creative life; they are to genius what honesty is to honour, and unless the soil of its popular spirit is plentifully sprinkled with their qualities, a nation can hardly be expected to give birth to great works.

WHO has not encountered these men, or heard the rumour of them, the little armies of them that people the libraries and the concert-halls and the students' quarters of London, Paris, Berlin, and every other European capital? It is they who bear the palladium of the creative life: good work, though the heavens fall. Are they humble? One can only say that the tactics of the creative life, whatever the force of its manifestations, are based upon their qualities, for without a scrupulous study of one's capacities, a readiness to face the truth about one's capacities, without disinterestedness, without a contempt for trickery and effect, no artist ever finds the path of development at all: the "modesty" that Flaubert reviled was not the frank acceptance of one's limitations but the truly humble

or rather the grovelling estimate of himself that leads an artist to seek a merely personal applause. Such men, in fact, create an atmosphere of realism without which the values of the spirit can not exist.

THAT, however, is only a beginning of what they do. If one were to inquire what their greatest service is, one might perhaps discover it in the fact that because, however limited their powers are, they find in the service of the spirit not humiliation but freedom, they prove to one generation after another that the life of the spirit is not personal but impersonal. It is this that renders possible the hierarchy of the arts, the justification of which is that, while each is expected to contribute only what he can, all are enabled to derive from the arts the fullest benefits of the powers, great or small, of every contributor. Did the monks of the Middle Ages experience any humiliation in accepting it as their task not to create the comedies and tragedies they were unable to create but to preserve the comedies and tragedies of the ancients? Do the members of a symphony orchestra to-day experience any humiliation in accepting the rôle of interpreters of a genius which they themselves lack? On the contrary, they experience nothing but pride in it, for they know that if it were not for them and their grace and good faith, and the secular tradition their grace and good faith maintain, the works of the great composers, music itself, which they serve in its highest manifestations, would soon die out of human memory. Genius is impersonal, the life of the spirit is impersonal; and that is why everyone, great or small, can find his own fulfillment in serving it. And it is the rank and file who keep us in possession of this truth. Goethe attributed all his good fortune (and the good fortune of the world, he might have added, in having had him) to these obscure workers who, he said, had made his advent, his career and his influence possible.

"A SCHOOL," says M. André Gide, "is always composed of a few rare, great directing spirits and of a whole series of others who are subordinate, who form as it were the neutral terrain upon which these few great spirits are able to erect themselves. We recognize in it first a subordination, a sort of tacit, unconscious submission, to a few great ideas which a few great spirits put forward, which the less great spirits accept as truths. And if they follow these great spirits, what does it matter?—for these great spirits will lead them further than they would be able to go by themselves." That, to mention the last point first, is why, where great spirits exist, or even perhaps their memories alone, as is usually the case, the rank and file experience no humiliation in remaining the rank and file, in immolating themselves, as it might seem: for literally they gain their own souls by losing them; they find, that is to say, by immolating themselves or rather by subordinating themselves, a direction they can not find alone. For this hierarchy of the arts is justified as obviously in the breach as in the observance. What happens, for example, when a great orchestra, which is always a school in M. Gide's sense, loses its conductor and its organization? Do its members, when it falls apart, burst forth like butterflies from a chrysalis? Do they not rather, or the majority of them, who have found themselves by forgetting themselves in Bach, lose themselves by becoming aware of themselves, reduced and humiliated indeed, playing the music of Irving Berlin? And even the exceptional ones, the men of genius—do they find themselves the more rapidly through this dispersal? Is it not rather true that they find themselves in the midst of the organization, and by graduating from the organization only when their powers are ripe? And the same thing is true in literature: we have in America a living illustration of it. What could be more obvious than that American literature has become what it is because it lacks a school, an organization, "a few rare, great, directing spirits"? The majority of American writers, ignorant that such a thing ever existed, and incapable accordingly even of de-

<sup>1</sup> "Caliban." W. L. George. New York: Harper and Brothers.



siring it, go their own way; and the more they "strike out for themselves," the more they come to resemble so many peas in a pod. As for the few who care, who are sensitive, the exceptional ones, the men of genius, they spend their lives groping in the darkness for a direction which, as they are more than half the time aware, only a school can give them.

BUT a school, in the history of art, is a sort of lucky accident: only the exceptional generation has its "rare, great, directing spirits." And if Europe is more fortunate than America, if it has never witnessed a chaos like ours in America, it is because, however demoralized its literature may be, and one is always hearing complaints, from every camp, that its literature is demoralized, it is because, even if the great spirits are lacking, the "neutral terrain" is always, in some degree, maintained. That is to say, there is preserved in it a sense of the dignity of letters in the abstract, and the rank and file continues to subordinate itself just as rigorously and just as impersonally as if the great spirits were actually present. It never forgets, this rank and file, its obligation to do good work, and in this neutral terrain it preserves an atmosphere of faith, sincerity, expectation which, from time to time, serves, one is obliged to believe, more than anything else, to call the great spirits into existence. Whether it is a socio-psychological law or not, it is certainly true that, times without number, the occasion has produced the man, and that the way to get a leader is to call for one: the great men in every art have appeared periodically among those peoples who have practised the art in question, who have devoted themselves to it, who have served it assiduously, who have, in short, as it were provided the conductor with his orchestra in advance. A school is an accident, but it is a sort of logical accident: the rank and file have much to say in calling it into existence.

THE problem of literature in America, therefore, becomes quite evidently the problem of evolving something in the nature of a school. And in the absence of the directing spirits, the control of its tactics devolves upon the rank and file. Are they as helpless and irresponsible, as much the victims of Mr. Dreiser's "idle, rocking forces" as they perhaps feel themselves, or have they, as writers, a margin of "free will," if not to do, at least to desire? The primitive decencies of the literary life we had once in America. But their practice was based upon such a comprehensive denial of human impulse, it was conditioned by so many elements that were alien to the creative spirit and hostile to it, that it never gained for the literary life a prestige capable of attracting the energies of youth when other and more glamorous material opportunities were presented to them. We have witnessed the result: it is the spiritual life of this country between the years 1865-1914. During half a century, exploitation, self-assertion, the spirit of boost-and-boom, of shoddy workmanship and shoddier ideals, of private and domestic advantage and of the screaming eagle has so obliterated from the American memory all sense of true personal values, literary or other, that we have become undoubtedly the maddest race the sun has ever seen. Can one, out of this myopic herd, which has lost the sentiment of individuality, expect the emergence of a class capable of recovering the primitive decencies of the literary life, on the basis now of the most comprehensive acceptance of human impulse, and of creating such a rank and file as still exists in Europe? One believes it, ultimately; one has reason to believe it.

ALREADY, in fact, in however partial a sense, this rank and file exists. Those who ignore the general disgust with the quality of American life which the war has bred are unable to read the signs of the times. But for some years past the literary life in America has been obviously in a stage of transition and one which, quite apart from the remarkable books that have been produced sporadically

in it, suggests a radical change in its basis. Glance at these words of Mr. Will Levington Comfort: "We are content with poverty," (he is speaking of his "Hive") "yet we believe that very early, as workmen, we are entitled to a fastidious poverty, which is expensive. No possessions—but all possessions. As writers we are convinced that it is necessary to do—and inimitably well—the things that the public wants and pays ten cents the word for, quite as well as to reveal the deeper folds of our growth for which we have to finance publication. We are not yet sure which is the worthier achievement." I have not quoted these words in order to reveal Mr. Comfort's nakedness: he has exposed himself. That "fastidious poverty" and those "deeper folds" that have to go on folding unfinanced! It is probable that Mr. Comfort, upon whose name one is almost forced to linger, will find that the eye of the needle is wider for the best-sellers with a troubled conscience, even for the best-sellers who have had no glimpse of a "worthier achievement," than it is for him. Nevertheless, Mr. Comfort has seen something, something that American authors did not see, or saw merely as a last resort, twenty years ago; and the fact that he is "not yet sure" does not alter the significance of his having seen it. That he is in a state of unstable equilibrium between the creative and the acquisitive instincts, between his desire to be himself in "poverty," fastidious or otherwise, and his desire to be what the mob wants him to be at "ten cents a word"—it is this that makes him so typical of our moment. And whereas Mr. Comfort is not yet "sure" that he wants and means to choose the former, thousands and thousands of other Americans are.

AND that is a significant fact. Indeed, if we are not within sight of our neutral terrain, we have actually evolved something that approaches it: a sanitary cordon against the germs of popular misunderstanding, the mob-spirit and the *mores* of commercialism. A race has grown up, a race within a race, it is growing by leaps and bounds, for whom the popular magazines have never existed, to whom the "short-story" is remoter than the pyramids, who have never thought of "making good," to whom "success" and "the standard of living" are as idle sounds as the confused rumblings of the street. They will have their leisure if they have to go in old clothes, they will have their talk if it has to be in cellars, they will have their adventure if it lands them in jail, and they will have their books. The office and the suburb, the caucus and the country club will see them no more: for them, and for their growing army, the great cloak of American gentility is rent forever. And if America views them with hostility and disdain, so much the better, for them—and for literature. For is it not evident that this class, which has been created by ideas, can not fail to become, and in fact is, a breeding-ground of ideas, and that its leisure and freedom, however obtained, are of the quality from which, in the past, in Russia, even in Shakespearean England, literature has arisen? In these camps, already, the passionate intelligence, even the enlightened scholarship, of America more and more takes up its abode. There honest work is respected and honest work, increasingly, is done. It may be, it is, only a sketch of what our literature needs, but it is a sketch, one conceives, of which the lines are firm. The desire exists, the intensity exists, and there are no secrets that can ultimately withstand desire. We are building our neutral terrain; let the directing spirits come when they will.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Contemporary Portraits: Second Series," by Frank Harris. Published by the author, 57 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"The Romantic," by May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"Letters to X," by H. J. Massingham. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

"Life," by Johan Bojer. New York: Moffat, Yard and Co.



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THE bulk of our respectable, honest fellow-citizens still confuse syndicalism with anarchism; single-tax with house-breaking; communism with atheism; and socialism with anything you like. (This month the London *Economic Review* solemnly stated that Debs was one of the founders of the I. W. W.!)

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